

DECEMBER

No. 8

15¢ IN CANADA

10¢

CRACK COMICS



THE CLOCK



JANE ARDEN



ALIAS THE SPIDER



MOLLY THE MODEL



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CONDOR**
IN ANOTHER
DYNAMIC
ADVENTURE!



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A beautiful desk in a neutral blue-green—trimmed in black and silver—made of sturdy fibre board—now available for only one dollar (\$1.00) to purchasers of a Remington Deluxe Noiseless Portable Typewriter. The desk is so light that it can be moved anywhere without trouble. It will hold six hundred (600) pounds. This combination gives you a miniature office at home. Mail the coupon today.

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ALL ESSENTIAL FEATURES of large standard office machines appear in the Noiseless Deluxe Portable—standard 4-row keyboard; back spacer; margin stops and margin release; double shift key; two color ribbon and automatic reverse; variable line spacer; paper finger; makes as many as seven carbons; takes paper 8.5" wide; writes lines 8.2" wide; black key cards and white letters; rubber cushioned feet.

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

The Remington Noiseless Deluxe Portable Typewriter is sold on a trial basis with a money-back guarantee. If, after ten days trial, you are not entirely satisfied, we will take it back, paying all shipping charges and refunding your good will deposit at once. You take no risk.

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FOR AS LITTLE AS 10c A DAY

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The

BLACK CONDOR

by
Kenneth
Lewis

OUT OF THE SKY
SWOOPS THE ONLY
FLYING MAN IN THE
WORLD, TO COMBAT
THE MENACE OF
THE THINKING
MACHINES.

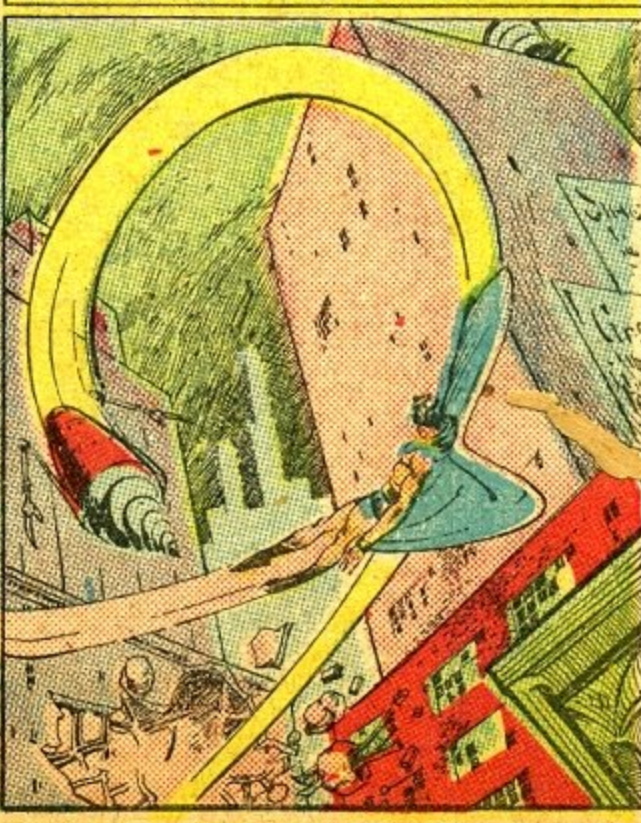
ITS DEADLY
ROTATOR SPINNING
DESTRUCTION, A GROTESQUE
MACHINE SHOOTS THROUGH
THE CITY.

THE BLACK CONDOR IS BARELY
MISSSED BY THE WHIRLING BLADES

THE MECHANICAL MONSTER
CIRCLES BACK TO ATTACK, ITS
CLAWS OUTSTRETCHED.

BUT THE CONDOR
SIDESLIPS.....

THAT WAS
CLOSE!





I CAN'T LET THIS DESTRUCTION GO ON...

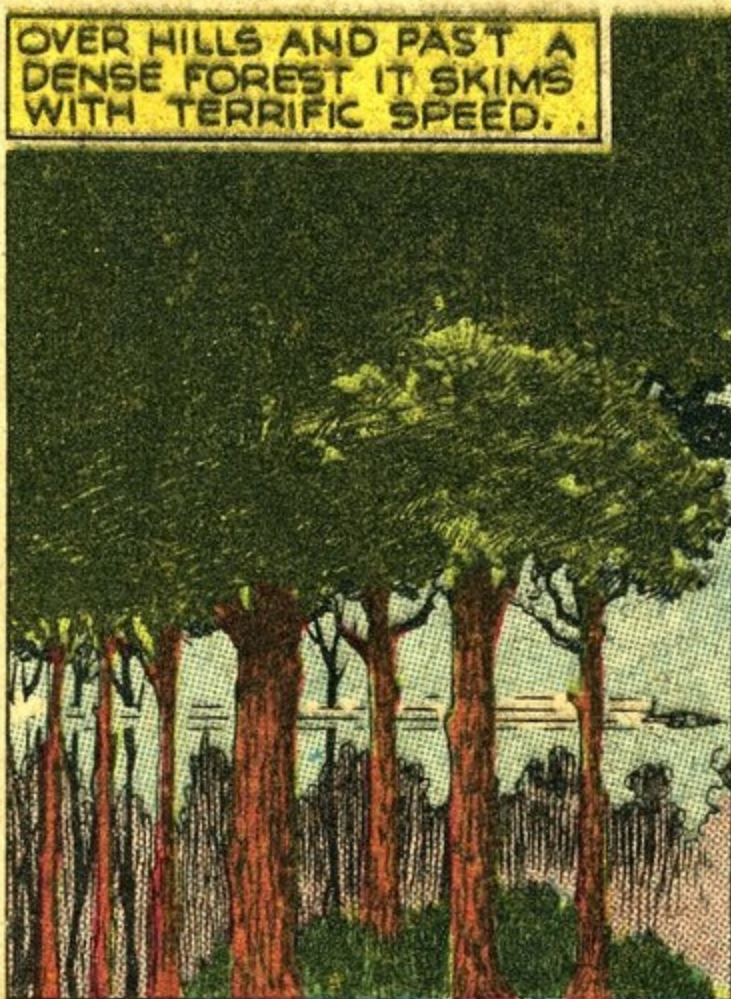
THE BLACK CONDOR FIRES HIS DEADLY BLACK RAY, BUT THE MACHINE IS TOO FAST.



IT DARTS BEHIND THE PROTECTIVE CURTAIN OF VOLUMINOUS CLOUD BANKS.



THE BEETLE-LIKE MACHINE SWEEPS AWAY FROM THE CITY.



OVER HILLS AND PAST A DENSE FOREST IT SKIMS WITH TERRIFIC SPEED.



ITS DESTINATION IS AN OLD TUMBLEDOWN FARM HOUSE WHICH SEEMS LONG IN DISUSE.



BUT BEHIND THE HOUSE A SMOOTH RUNWAY LEADS TO A SMALL HILL THAT REVEALS A SECRET ENTRANCE AS THE MACHINE APPROACHES.



INSIDE, THREE MEN WAIT.

FINE! IT RETURNED ON TIME!

YES, BUT DID IT WORK SUCCESSFULLY?



WE SHALL SOON SEE.. THIS IS MY GREAT INVENTION'S FIRST TEST! IT WILL TELL ITS OWN STORY!

HOW'S THAT, LUNG WOE?



PATIENCE, MY OCCIDENTAL FRIENDS, WHILE I EXTRICATE THIS ROLL OF FILM.



HERE IS A RECORD OF THE DEEDS OF THE "SPINNING DEATH" MACHINE!



THE MACHINE TAKES PICTURES AS IT TRAVELS... AND THEY AUTOMATICALLY ARE DEVELOPED WITHIN ITS SHELL!



AH! GREAT IS THE DESTRUCTION THE "SPINNING DEATH" HAS WROUGHT! IT IS INDEED A SUCCESS!

LET ME SEE!



MARVELOUS! WONDERFUL! LUNG WOE, MY COUNTRY IS PREPARED TO PAY HIGHLY FOR YOUR MACHINE!



HERE, GENTLEMEN, ARE THE PLANS! YOU WILL FIND THEM DIFFICULT, BUT COMPREHENSIVE. ONE THING MORE...



LET ME WARN YOU. EVEN I, THE INVENTOR, DON'T KNOW THE FULL POWER OF MY MACHINE. IT ALMOST THINKS! IT MAY TURN AGAINST YOU!



HA! YOU HAVE WORKED TOO HARD, LUNG WOE... YOUR MIND IS WEAKENING... HA-HA! A MACHINE THAT THINKS! HO!HO!HO!



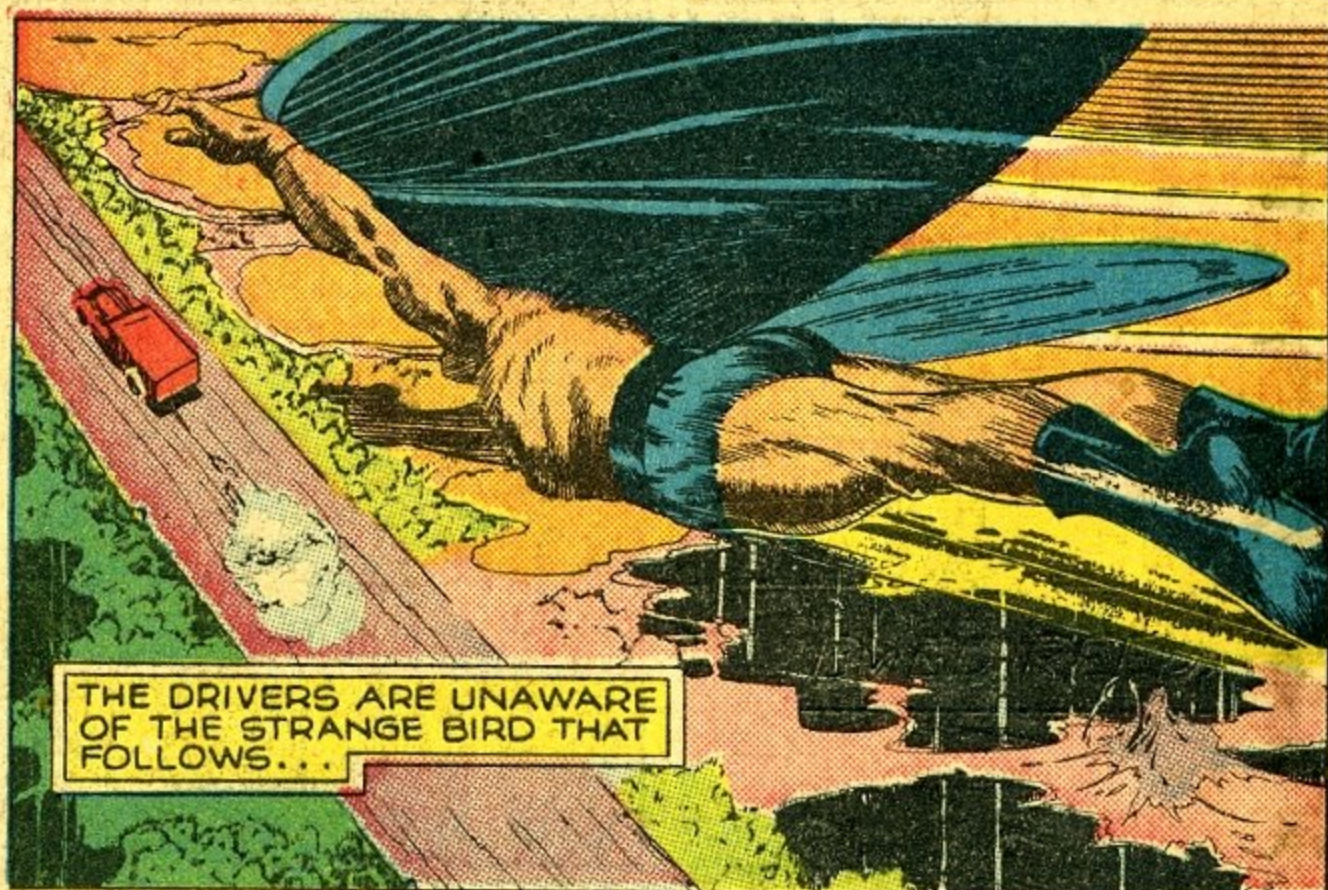
BELIEVE AS YOU WISH! THE "SPINNING DEATH" IS YOURS NOW, TO DO WITH AS YOU PLEASE!

YOU MAY BE SURE WE'LL EXPLOIT IT TO ITS GREATEST CAPACITY!

THE FOREIGN AGENTS LOAD THE MACHINE INTO A WAITING TRUCK.



AS THE TRUCK THUNDERS ALONG THE ROAD, THE BLACK CONDOR WATCHES FROM ABOVE.



THE BLACK RAY STRIKES!!



THE TRUCK CAREENS OFF THE ROAD AND PLUNGES INTO A SWAMP.



SUDDENLY A WHIRRING SOUND IS HEARD. THE METAL SIDE TEARS OPEN AND THE "SPINNING DEATH" BREAKS THROUGH. . .

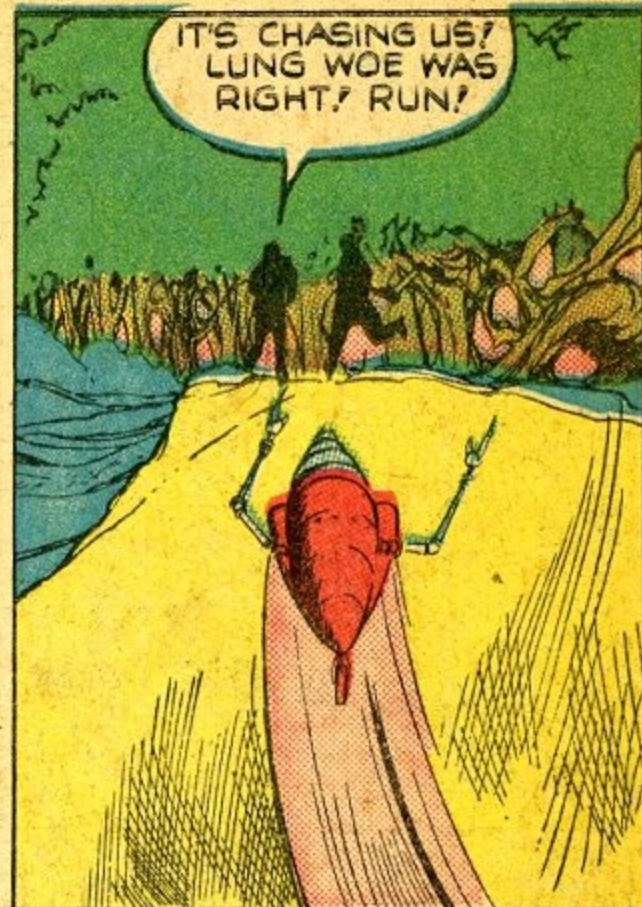




WHAT HIT US?
AND WHAT'S
MAKING ALL
THAT NOISE?



T-THE MACHINE?
I-IT'S COMING
TOWARD US!



IT'S CHASING US!
LUNG WOE WAS
RIGHT! RUN!



INTO THE DEEP
SWAMP, THE
AGENTS ARE
FLUNG...



SWIFTLY, THE BLACK CONDOR
DIVES.



BUT THE MACHINE CUTS
THROUGH A CIRCLE OF
HUGE TREES.



THE GREAT TRUNKS CRASH
TOGETHER AS THE CONDOR
SWOOPS AMONG THEM....



TRAPPED! BY
THAT DIABOLICALLY
CLEVER MONSTER!



AND MY BLACK
RAY LOST IN
THE SWAMPS!



BACK TO THE INVENTOR'S HOUSE SPEEDS THE MACHINE.

LUNG WOE WATCHES IN GROWING TERROR, AS HIS MACHINE HEADS HOMEWARD.

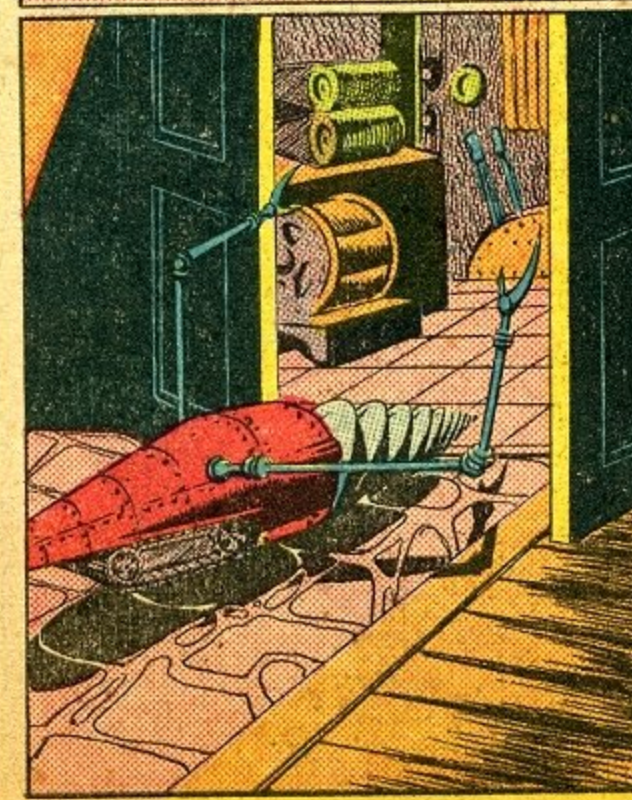


SEIZED IN ITS STEEL CLAWS, LUNG WOE IS DRAGGED TO THE ANCIENT WELL.



AND TOSSED IN.

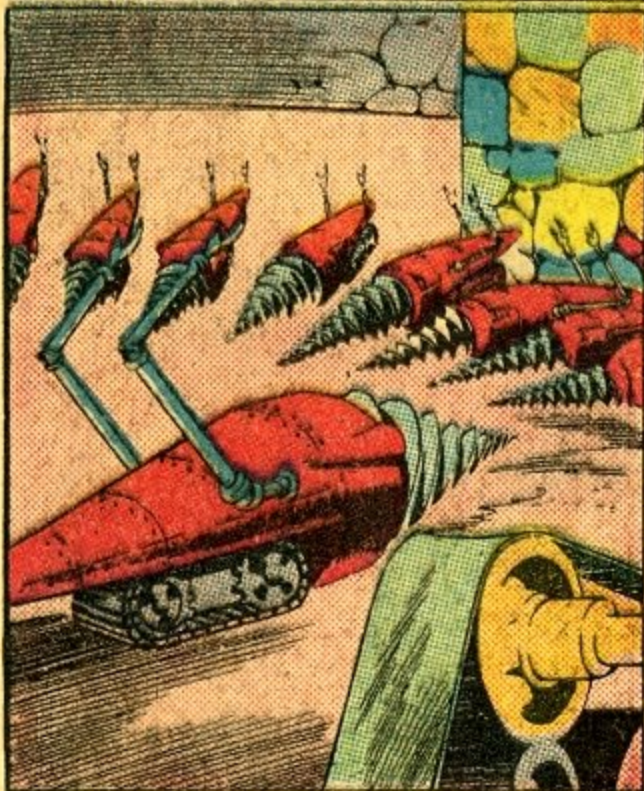
BACK TO LUNG WOE'S LABORATORY HASTENS THE MACHINE WITH DEMONIC SPEED.



IT MANUFACTURES A FLEET OF SPINNERS LIKE ITSELF.



SOON THEY STAND READY TO TAKE ORDERS FROM THE MASTER MACHINE.



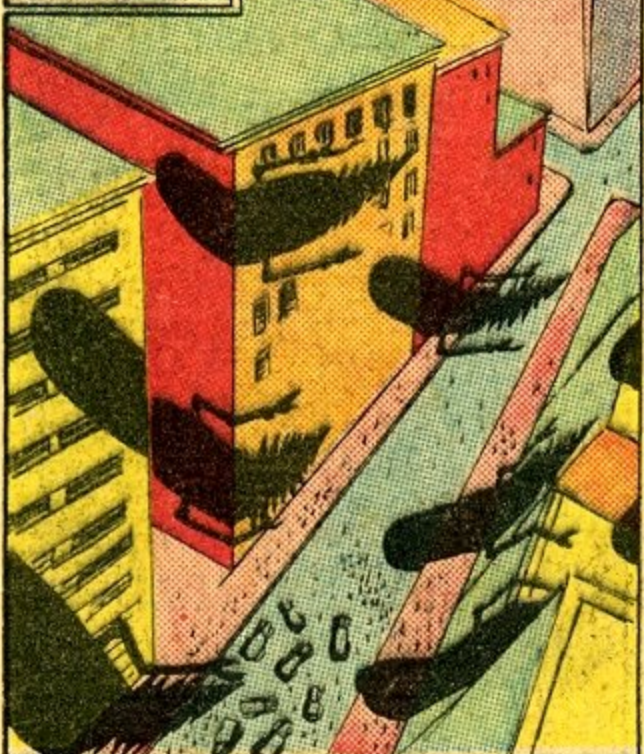
THE MONSTROUS PROCESSION MOVES ALONG THE COUNTRY ROAD... ONCE THE TOOL OF MAN, NOW BENT ON MAN'S DESTRUCTION.



AT A SIGNAL FROM THE LEADER THEY RISE IN PERFECT FORMATION TO THE SKIES.



HORRIFIED, THE PEOPLE STAND IN AWE AT THIS STRANGE INVASION.



MACHINES THAT CAN THINK, BUT HAVE NO HEART! NO FOE COULD BE MORE RUTHLESS.



MEANWHILE, THE BLACK CONDOR IS STILL IMPRISONED IN THE SWAMP.



THE BLACK RAY!
IT HAS FLOATED
TOWARD
ME!



AT LAST I
CAN GET OUT
AND FIGHT
THAT
MACHINE!



FREE AGAIN, THE BLACK CONDOR SHOOT'S UPWARD.





HE SAILS
BACK TO
LUNG WOE'S
HOUSE.



WHAT
WAS THAT?
A CRY FROM
THE OLD
WELL!



LUNG WOE'S VOICE RISES
FEEBLY FROM THE DEPTHS.

HELP!
HELP!



THE CONDOR DROPS DOWN
THE NARROW SHAFT.

AN OLD
CHINESE!



THIS DANK HOLE IS
NOT A HEALTHY
PLACE FOR ANYONE!



HE'S TERRIBLY
WEAK.. TRYING
TO SAY
SOMETHING!

THE
"SPINNING
DEATH"
MACHINE...



MUST BE
DESTROYED...
THE POINT OF
THE ROTATOR
IS THE ONLY
VULNERABLE
SPOT...!...!
..OH!



BUT I WILL
CARRY OUT HIS
LAST WISH
ALL RIGHT!

HE'S
DEAD!



ALREADY THE CITY IS FALLING IN RUINS
THOUSANDS DIE.. PANIC RULES.

IN VAIN, THE ARMY SENDS UP
PLAINS TO BATTLE.



THEY ARE EASILY CUT DOWN
ON THE WHIRLING ROTATORS.



THE BLACK CONDOR
JOINS THE FRAY...



HE DIVES AROUND THE TORN
AND TWISTED BUILDINGS.....



THE POINT
OF THE
ROTATOR,
EH?



A BLAST OF THE BLACK RAY...



AND THE "SPINNING DEATH"
MELTS. A HELPLESS MASS
OF MOLTEN METAL.



VICTORIOUS, THE BLACK CONDOR
SOARS ABOVE THE ARMY
PLANES.



THANKS,
BLACK
CONDOR...
YOU'VE
SAVED
MILLIONS
OF LIVES!



MOLLY the MODEL

I CASH
CLO'S
OL'
CLO'S!



HELLO
MOLLY!

OH, DANNY—
THOSE
CLOTHES!



THESE CLOTHES?
OH, I GUESS THEY
ARE A LITTLE
OLD...

A
LITTLE
OLD?
THEY'RE
ANCIENT!



WE'RE GOING TO GET
YOU SOME NEW ONES
RIGHT NOW—
YOU LOOK
LIKE A RAG-
PICKER!



THIS GENTLEMAN WANTS
A COMPLETE NEW
OUTFIT OF
CLOTHES!

YES,
M'AM!



THERE HE ARE—
A SUIT, SHIRT
TIE
SHOES!

DANNY,
YOU LOOK
STUNNING!



THE OLD
CLOTHES...
WILL YOU
TAKE
THEM?

GOODNESS
NO—
THROW
'EM
AWAY!



IS THAT
DAME
LOOKING
AT
DANNY?



OH,
MARSIE!
ISN'T
HE
CUTE?

I
THINK
HE'S
GRAND!

HUM—
WHAT
A
SNAPPY
DRESSER!

A REAL
BEAU
BRUMMEL!



WE'RE GOING
RIGHT BACK
TO THAT
STORE!

HUH?
BUT
WHY?



THE OLD
CLOTHES?
ER—YES,
I DARE
SAY THEY
CAN BE
FOUND!

WELL,
WE WANT
THEM BACK,
RIGHT
AWAY!



BUT MOLLY, WHEN
AM I GONNA WEAR
ALL THE NEW
CLOTHES?

AFTER
YOU'RE
MARRIED
TO ME,
DEAR!

MOLLY *the* MODEL

MALONEY
FOR
ALDERMAN



More of Molly The Model in the January issue—on sale November 29th.

OFF THE RECORD

By ED REED,

Question

If you had a spalter
and Johnny took it

Answer

I'D SOCK HIM

"ER...YOUR GUN, SIR...
A BURGLAR IS NOW
DOWNSTAIRS!"

"I'M GONNA QUIT FIGHTING
YA LIKE YA WANTED...
A GUY PERSUADED ME."

"HELP! HELP! NOT
YOU! WANT THAT
NICE BLONDE MAN?"

"HE'S SNAPPING
HIS FUTURE TO
SHOW HIS GIRLY"



BOYS!

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THE STARS TWINKLE COLDLY ABOVE THE COUNTLESS STRATOSPHERE MACHINES FLYING ABOVE THE CITY OF METROPOLIS...

ISN'T IT WONDERFUL, ROCK?



LOOK, ELAINE! THERE GOES THE BIG LINER HEADING OUT TO VENUS!

YES.. AND JUST THINK, THERE ARE HONEY-MOONERS ON THAT SHIP..



HEY, YOU TWO! BREAK UP THAT STAR GAZING AND COME HERE.. I HAVE SOMETHING IMPORTANT TO SHOW YOU!



INSIDE HIS LABORATORY DOCTOR WADSWORTH SHOWS HIS DAUGHTER AND ROCK BRADDON A STRANGE ELECTRICAL DEVICE..

DAD..WHAT ON EARTH IS THAT?



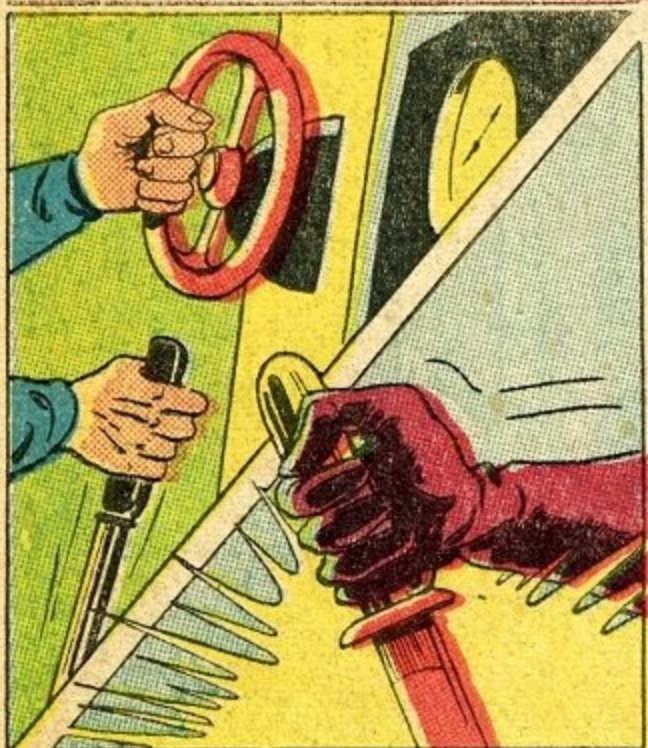
IT'S A NEW METHOD FOR MAKING ROCKET FUEL...BY ELECTRIFYING THE BASIC ORE, THE PROCESS WILL BE SPEEDED UP..I'LL SHOW YOU!



CARL, MY ASSISTANT, WILL OPERATE THE CONTROLS ON THE OUTSIDE!



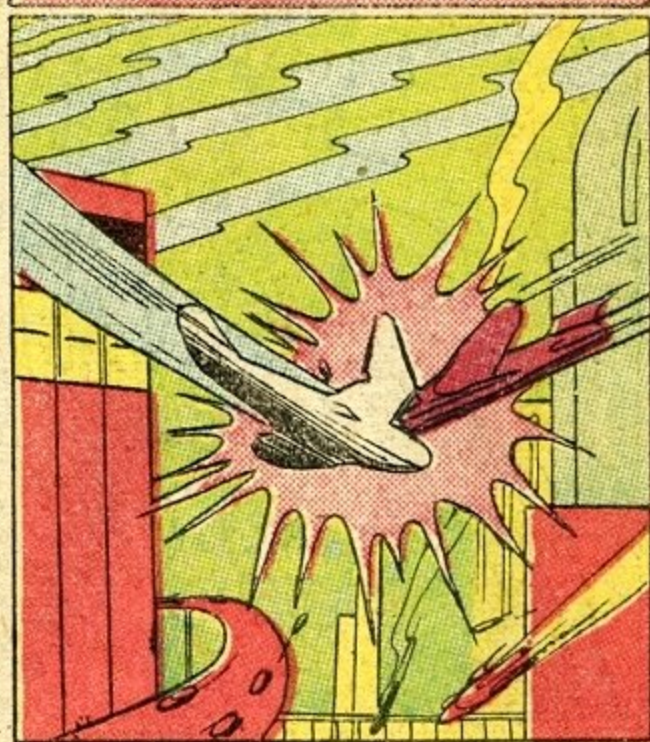
ON THE EARTH, FAR FROM THE WADSWORTH LABORATORY, ANOTHER SWITCH IS THROWN.



A TREMENDOUS SURGE OF ELECTRICAL ENERGY BLANKETS THE EARTH, GRIPPING ITS INHABITANTS IN AN UNCANNY PARALYSIS.



COUNTLESS VEHICLES AND STRATOSPHERE MACHINES PILE INTO EACH OTHER, OUT OF CONTROL...



HA! HA! I NOW HAVE THE WHOLE WORLD IN MY GRASP! I CONTROL THE DESTINY OF MAN.. I CAN RELEASE HIM FROM THIS STATE, OR CONDEMN HIM TO DEATH!

YES, VENDROME!

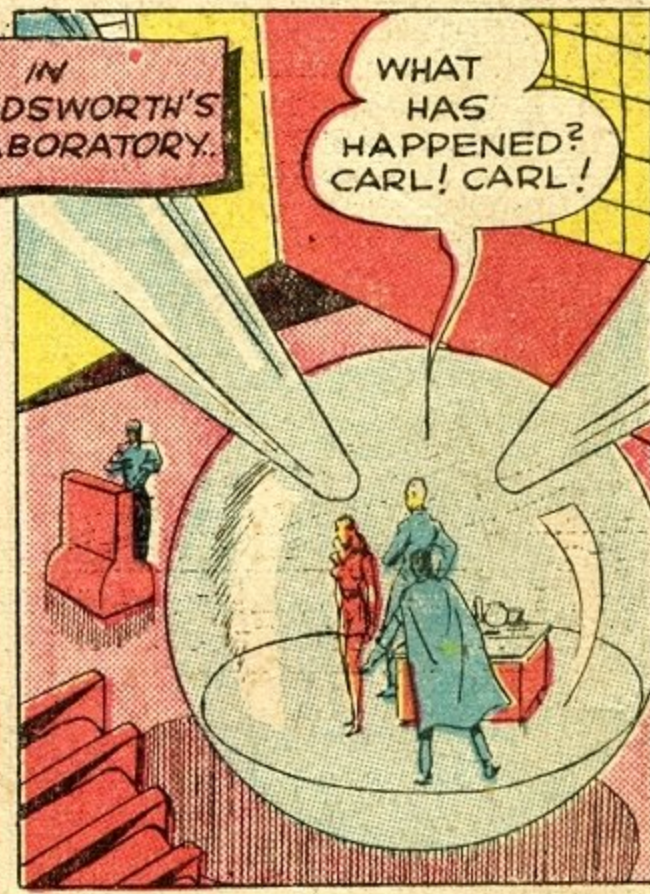


BUT, WAIT! SOMEWHERE THERE IS AN INTERFERENCE... MY FIELD IS BROKEN... SOMEONE HAS ESCAPED!



IN WADSWORTH'S LABORATORY...

WHAT HAS HAPPENED? CARL! CARL!



HE'S PARALYZED! HE CAN'T RELEASE US.. I'LL BLAST OUR WAY OUT!

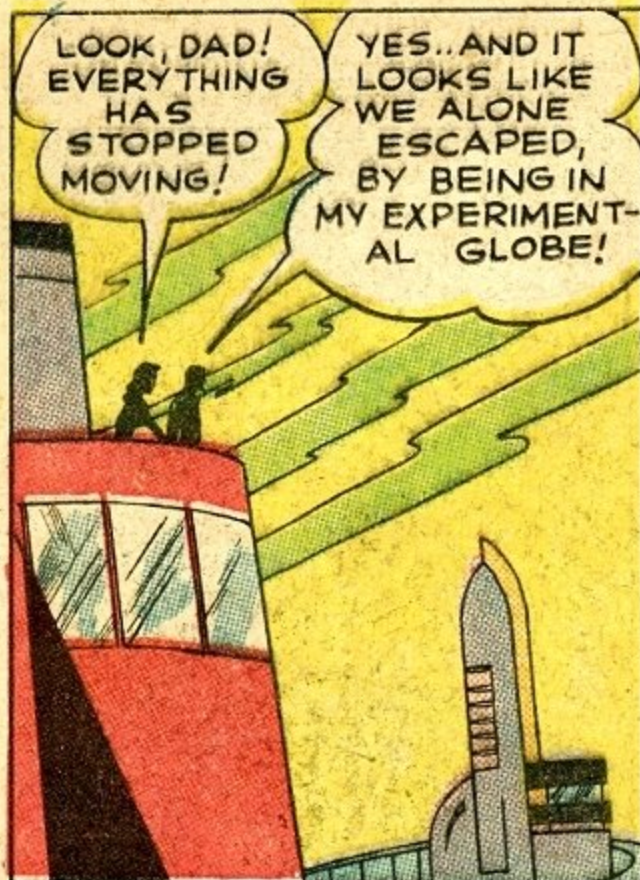
NO! WAIT... IF WE STEP OUT OF THIS GLOBE, WE'LL BECOME LIKE HIM!



AFTER HOURS OF PAINSTAKING LABOR...

IF THESE NEUTRALIZERS DON'T WORK, WE ARE DOOMED... BLAST AWAY, ROCK!





BUT LITTLE DOES ROCK KNOW THAT THE CREATOR OF THE ELECTRO-ANALYSIS WAVE IS ABOARD THE ROCKET FLYER...



AN ELECTRONIC BOLT SPLITS THE BUILDING APART!



VENDROME LANDS... WADSWORTH AND HIS DAUGHTER ARE TAKEN PRISONERS...





CRASHING THROUGH A WINDOW, ROCK DIVES AT THE GUARDS.



HIS FLYING FISTS HIT WITH THE FORCE OF A RAY GUN.



ROCK BREAKS THROUGH..AND ON TO VENDROME'S WELL GUARDED LABORATORY...



VENDROME WHIPS OUT A RAY PISTOL AND TAKES AIM, BUT..



WITH A MIGHTY HEAVE, BRADDON HURLS VENDROME INTO HIS OWN MACHINE!



THE DESTRUCTION OF THE ELECTRO-PARALYSIS MACHINE BRINGS HUMANITY BACK TO LIFE...



MADAM FATAL

By Payson

A GROUP OF MEN TOIL THROUGH THE DARK NIGHT OFF BLEAK ISLAND IN AN EFFORT TO SALVAGE PROFESSOR CRANE'S WRECKED YACHT, THE REX.



THIS PLACE GIVES ME THE CREEPS!

ME TOO!

SUDDENLY THE STILLNESS OF THE NIGHT IS BROKEN BY AN URGENT, CRACKLING SOUND.



LOOK!



IN THE GLOOMY NIGHT THEY SEE A MONSTROUS SHADE DRIFTING TOWARD THEM IN A ROWBOAT.



IT'S A SEA GHOST!

IT'S COMIN' AFTER US!

BOOH! IT LOOKS LIKE AN APEMAN!



AND AS THE FIGURE COMES NEARER, THE MEN SEE...



HA-HA! AFTER THIS, NO ONE WILL WORK FOR CRANE—THE SECRET OF THE REX WILL BE BURIED FOREVER!

RUN!



THE NEXT DAY FINDS RICHARD STANTON, ALIAS MADAM FATAL, A VISITOR TO BLEAK ISLAND.

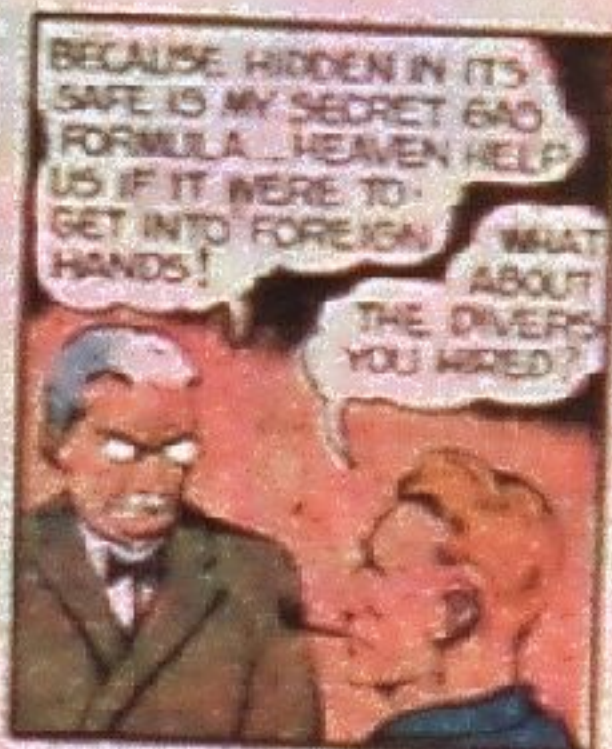
I SUPPOSE YOU'RE TRAG, COMES ASSISTANT?

RIGHT, SIR!



THE MASTER'S EAGER TO SEE YOU, MR. STANTON!

I WONDER WHAT'S ON THE OLD BOY'S MIND!



AS STANTON FINDES FOR BREATH-
NO ACCIDENT MAKES A GETAWAY



WHEN! HE'S GONE -
I'M BEGINNING TO
BELIEVE THAT APEMAN
WASN'T MYSELF!

I CAN'T BELIEVE IT!
THE FORMULA AND
CASH GONE! WHO
COULD HAVE
REACHED THE
REX BEFORE US?



IT
MIGHT
BE
DOCTOR
PROWL,
SIR!

...HE LIVES ON THE OTHER
SIDE OF THE ISLAND... RATHER
MYSTERIOUS LOOKING...
NO ONE KNOWS HIS
BUSINESS - HE MIGHT
BE A SPY, SIR!



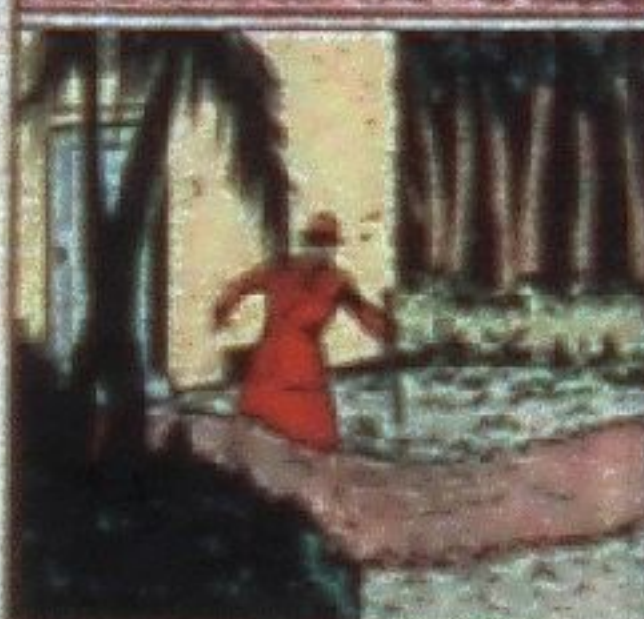
NONSENSE,
TRAG - YOU'VE
BEEN READING
TOO MANY CRIME
MAGAZINES!

THE NEXT MORNING STANTON DONS
HIS DISGUISE OF MADAM FATAL



GUESS I'LL
CALL ON
PROWL...
CAN'T
OVERLOOK
ANYTHING!

LEAVING BY A REAR DOOR, MADAM
FATAL SETS OUT INTO THE WOODS



THAT MUST
BE IT - IT'S THE
ONLY HOUSE
ON THIS SIDE
OF THE ISLAND!

DON'T MOVE!
WHAT TH-!
AN OLD
LADY!

SNOOPING, EH?
I'LL TEACH YOU
TO SPY ON DOCTOR
PROWL!



IF YOU'RE
PROWL,
WHY THE
MASH?

IN ANSWER "DR PROWL" LUNGES
VIOLENTLY AT MADAM FATAL



AS MADAM FATAL STEPS BACKWARD
THE GROUND BENEATH HER GIVES
WAY AND SHE FALLS INTO A
CLEVERLY CONCEALED PIT



HEH-HEH! THAT'LL
PUT YOU OUT OF
THE WAY FOR
AWHILE!



I WONDER IF THAT REALLY
WAS PROWL - AND WHY WAS HE
MASHED... HMM... THIS MAZE
IS GETTING DEEPER AND
DEEPER... BUT I'VE GOT TO
GET OUT OF HERE!



MEANWHILE TRAG AND PROFESSOR COME, LOOK INTO DOCTOR PROWL'S STUDY



LOOK! PROWL'S TAKING A PAPER FROM HIS DESK!

BY JOVE... IT'S THE GAS FORMULA WE'VE GOT TO GET IT, TRAG!



HANDS UP, PROWL—NOW HAND OVER THAT PAPER!

WHAT'S THE MEANING OF THIS INTUITION? I'VE NEVER SEEN THIS PAPER BEFORE!



A LIKELY STORY... UGH!

AS TRAG ADVANCES TO GET THE FORMULA, PROWL LUNGES AT HIM.



NOW—PERHAPS YOU'LL TELL ME WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT... I JUST GOT BACK FROM A BUSINESS TRIP...



AS PROWL SPEAKS, A GIANT FIGURE MOVES SLOWLY TOWARD HIM...

THOR! KILL!



THOR! NO—NO... GET BACK!



HELP!



SUDDENLY THERE IS A CRASHING BLOW AND THE GIANT DROPS PROWL.



I THINK WE'VE MET BEFORE, SONNY BOY!

oof!



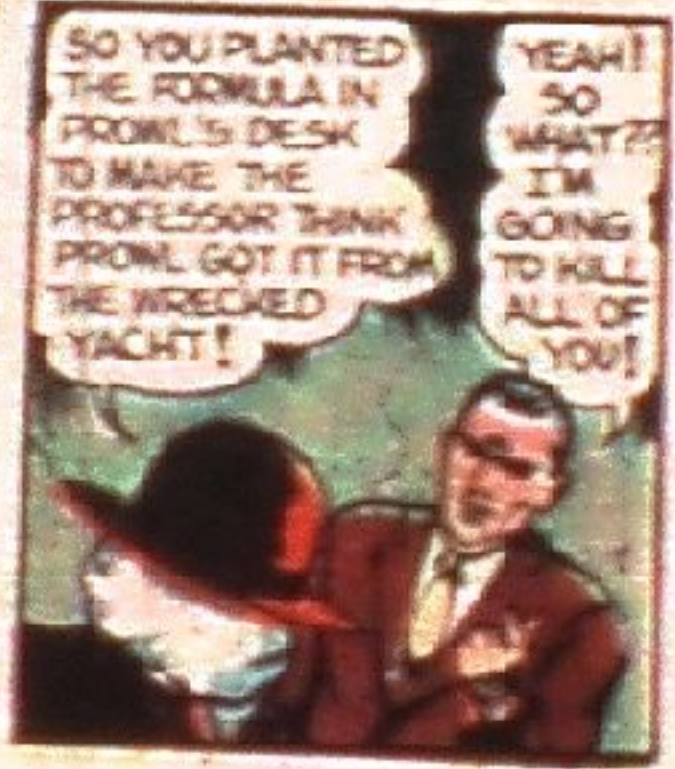
NOW FOR THE GUY WHO'S BEHIND ALL THIS!



GET BACK, FOOLS! YOU'LL NEVER GET OUT OF HERE ALIVE!

TRAG!

I KNEW IT!—THE KID ON HIS SHOES... IT'S AROUND THE PIT THE MASHED MAN DROPPED ME INTO... LUCKILY I GOT OUT IN TIME!



SO YOU PLANTED THE FORMULA IN PROWL'S DESK TO MAKE THE PROFESSOR THINK PROWL GOT IT FROM THE WRECKED YACHT!

YEAH! SO WHAT? I'M GOING TO KILL ALL OF YOU!

BEFORE TRAG CAN FIRE, TWO MASSIVE ARMS ENVELOP HIM.



HELP! ...PRAWL...HELL KILL ME...



ALL RIGHT, THOR—PUT 'IM DOWN... THE GENTLEMAN DOESN'T LIKE HIGH ALTITUDES!



TRAG BLEW OPEN THE SAFE AND STOLE ITS CONTENTS BEFORE THE REX BANK...SINCE YOU AND HE WERE THE ONLY SURVIVORS, HE KNEW YOU'D FIND OUT WHEN YOU LOCATED THE WRECKAGE! SO HE DRESSED UP THOR AS A GHOST AND SCARED THE DIVERS AWAY!



I'M CERTAINLY GLAD YOU SUCCEEDED IN MAKING THAT SERVANT OF YOURS OBEY YOU AT THE RIGHT MOMENT, PROWL!



TRAG BECAME FRIENDLY WITH THOR WHEN I WAS AWAY...HE'S EASY TO HANDLE ONCE YOU KNOW HIM!



WELL—I'VE NEVER WANTED TO BE SO FRIENDLY WITH A FELLOW IN MY LIFE!



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WORKS like the famous GORDON PRESS with STANDARD TYPE. You learn to set type, lock up forms, read proofs, make ready, load the press—the whole of printer's art and know the magic of taking a sheet of paper and printing words, ideas, pictures, anything you want a printer. After the manner of Ben Franklin.
PRINTING IS FUN AND PAYS!

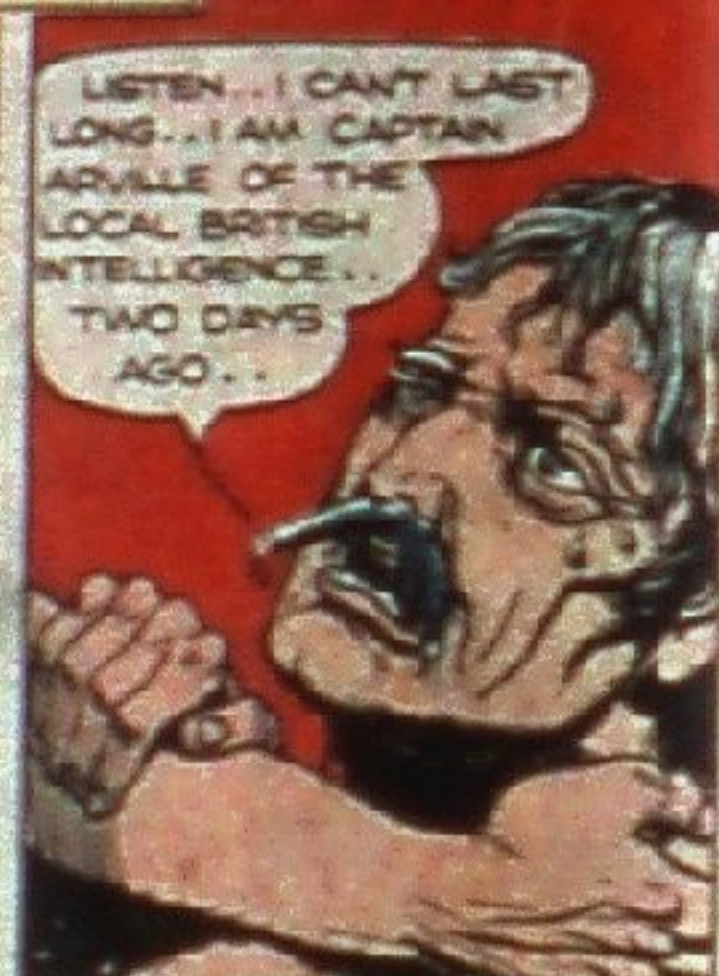
THE RED TORPEDO



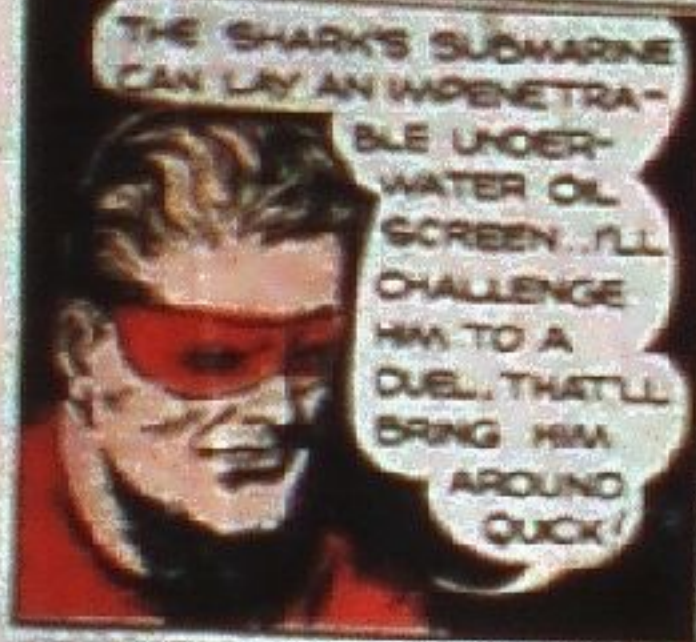
By **Ben Allen**
A FORMER OFFICER IN THE UNITED STATES NAVY HAS BUILT A LIT NAVIGABLE TORPEDO, MOST POWERFUL WEAPON AFOAT... WASHED AND MYSTERIOUS, HE SAILS THE SEA, PUNISHING EVIL-DOERS, RIGHTING WRONGS... A VERITABLE ROBIN HOOD OF THE DEEP... ONE NIGHT IN A NEUTRAL MEDITERRANEAN PORT A LONE STRANGER IS SET UPON...



ONCE INSIDE, A HOT DRINK AND WARM BLANKETS REVIVE THE DYING MAN



THE RED TORPEDO REMEMBERS HIS OLD ENEMY, THE BLACK SHARK, AND REALIZES THAT NOW HE CAN USE HIM.



THE SHARK SPEEDS TO THE RENDEZVOUS.

THE SUBMARINE DUELISTS CHARGE SAUCELY AT EACH OTHER.

AT LAST, THE RED TORPEDO JAWS THE SHARK HELDLESSLY AGAINST A REEF.



UNSUSPECTING, THE GLORY DORS AT ANCHOR IN THE NEUTRAL HARBOR . . .



WHILE IN A SECRET NAZI BASE, THE LEADER'S MEN PREPARE TO VIOLATE THAT NEUTRALITY.



ALL IS READY. SUBMARINES U-7 AND U-12 ARRIVE TONIGHT!

ACHTUNG! THERE SHE IS. SIGNAL U-12 THAT WE ATTACK!



SUDDENLY A DENSE BLACK CLOUD OF OIL OBSCURES THE GLORY'S HULL . . .



AND ENVELOPS THE APPROACHING SUBMARINES



WELL, ESSEL! TOLD YOU TO ATTACK! HOW DARE YOU TO DELAY!

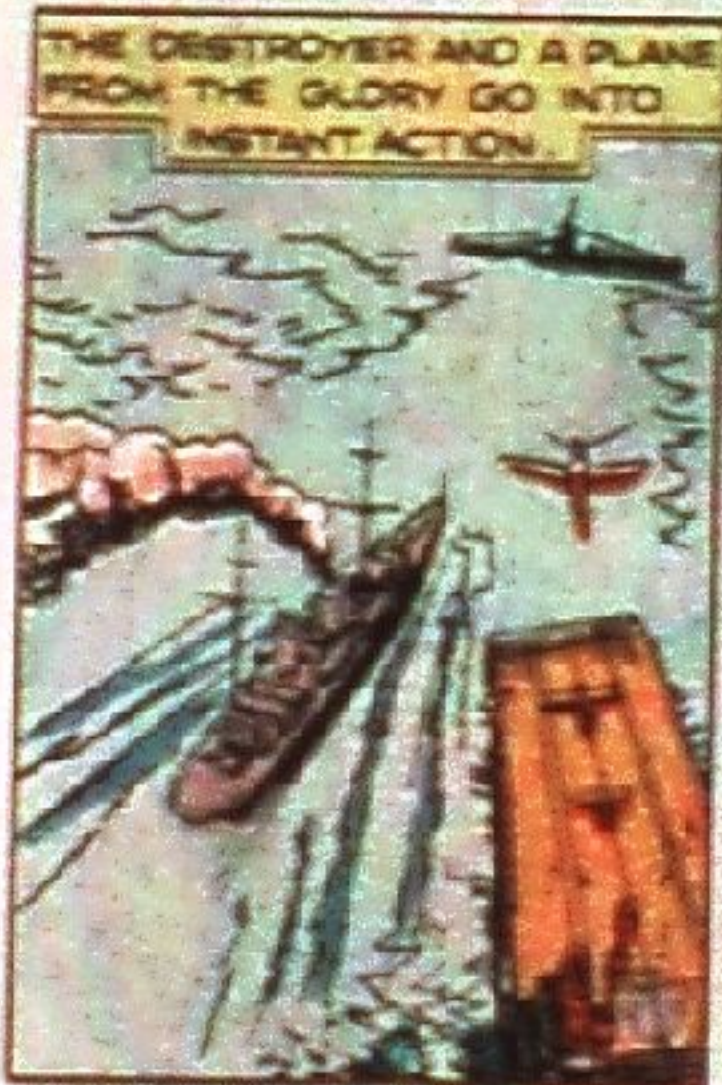
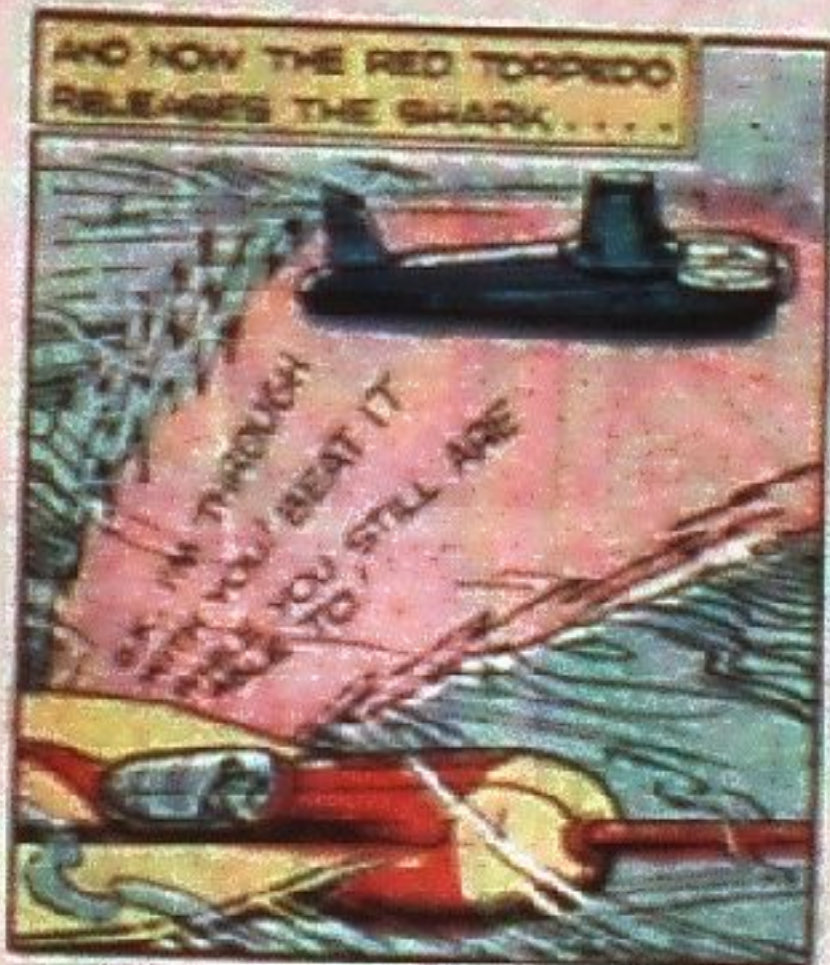


PARDON, HERR SCHAFT. THE TARGET IS OBSCURED.

HERR SCHAFT, A RADIO FROM U-12... IT CANNOT SEE TO ATTACK!



ACHTUNG! ARISE TO SURFACE!



Follow The Red Torpedo in the January issue of CRACK COMICS.

JANE ARDEN

JANE IS TRYING TO TRAP TWO RACE SWINDLERS BY MAKING BIG BETS

YOU'RE BETTING WITH THAT MAN TOO COUNT!

YES—HE SEEMS TO PICK THE WINNERS!

COUNT MAN THINKS JANE IS RICH. HE IS VERY ATTENTIVE.

WELL—MY BET FOR YOU WON AGAIN COUNT!

THANKS A LOT!

PAST! WE CAN CLEAN UP ON THIS NEXT RACE—A 20-TO-1 SHOT!

YOU'RE SMART, COLONEL BLAKELY!

THEN I'LL BET \$5000 COLONEL!

AND HERE BET \$1000 FOR ME AT 20-TO-1!

FINE FINE!

NOW—WE'LL REALLY WIN SOMETHING FOLKS!

YOU CAN BE THANK YOU!

I MUST USE THE PHONE COUNT!

HOPE I CAN GET THE INSPECTOR!

DIDJA TAKE 'EM, COLONEL?

YEAH, WEASEL.

YOU BETTER HOLD THIS MONEY FOR ME!

WELL—A 20-TO-1 BET UP TO YOUR OLD SHAM COLONEL YOU TOO WEASEL!

DON'T YA KNOW ITS BAD LUCK FOR YER APRON TIE LOOSE, LENA!

AW—BIDDLE—STICKS! SUCH BOSH! I'M BUSY—GOTTA GATHER THE EGGS!

WELL—THIS IS THE MOST EGGS WE'VE HAD IN WEEKS!

DAN! MAJORS! WE BOX WITH HIS SUPER-STITIONS!

THERE! AH TOLE YA!! AN' BECUZ YER APRON WAS LOOSE! HAW! HAW!!

JANE ARDEN'S WARDROBE

JANE ARDEN

By Henry Mervin and Edward J. Hill

AS THE ARRESTED COLONEL WAS TAKEN AWAY, SHE WAS CAUGHT AGAIN BY A COLONEL!

WAIT FOR ME, COUNT MARIAN!

YOU ARE NEEDED IN THE STEWARDS OFFICE, MISS.

YES—THE COLONEL WILL WANT TO BRING US OUR WINNINGS!

JANE, THIS IS THE CHIEF STEWARD—HE SUPPLIED THAT BETTING MONEY!

YES—WE WANTED TO TRAP THESE RACE CROOKS!

HEY, YOU GOT SOMETHING ON ME!

ME TOO!

YES—THE COLONEL LET ME WIN FOR AWHILE... THEN HE TOOK IT ALL FOR ONE BIG BET! I KNOW HE'D TRY TO SKIP THEN.

IT'S A JOKE, WHY I HAVEN'T EVEN GOT THE MONEY—I BET IT AND LOST!

MAYBE WEASEL HERE HAS THE ROLL!

SAY! I ONLY GOT MY OWN DOUGH!

OH, YEAH! IT WELL, THIS IS OUR MARKED MARZANA AND YOU GO TO THE CLINK!

ANY A DAME TOOK US OVER!

Y-THE COLONEL LOOKED LOADEST!

HA-HA! HERE'S THE MONEY YOU SAID TO BET!

AM I WORRIED TH' WHY LENA LAUGHS AT BAD LUCK SIGNS, FOLKS!

DON'T YE WORN HER OF TH' EVIL THAT COMES WITH BAD SIGNS, DAVE?

OH, SHE DON'T CARE!

EVEN BEES CAN'T HARM LENA—SHE MUST BE CRAZY!

MEBBE DIXIES HAS GOT 'ER!!

WE MUST UNDO TH' SPELL THAT GRIPS LENA!

HOW?

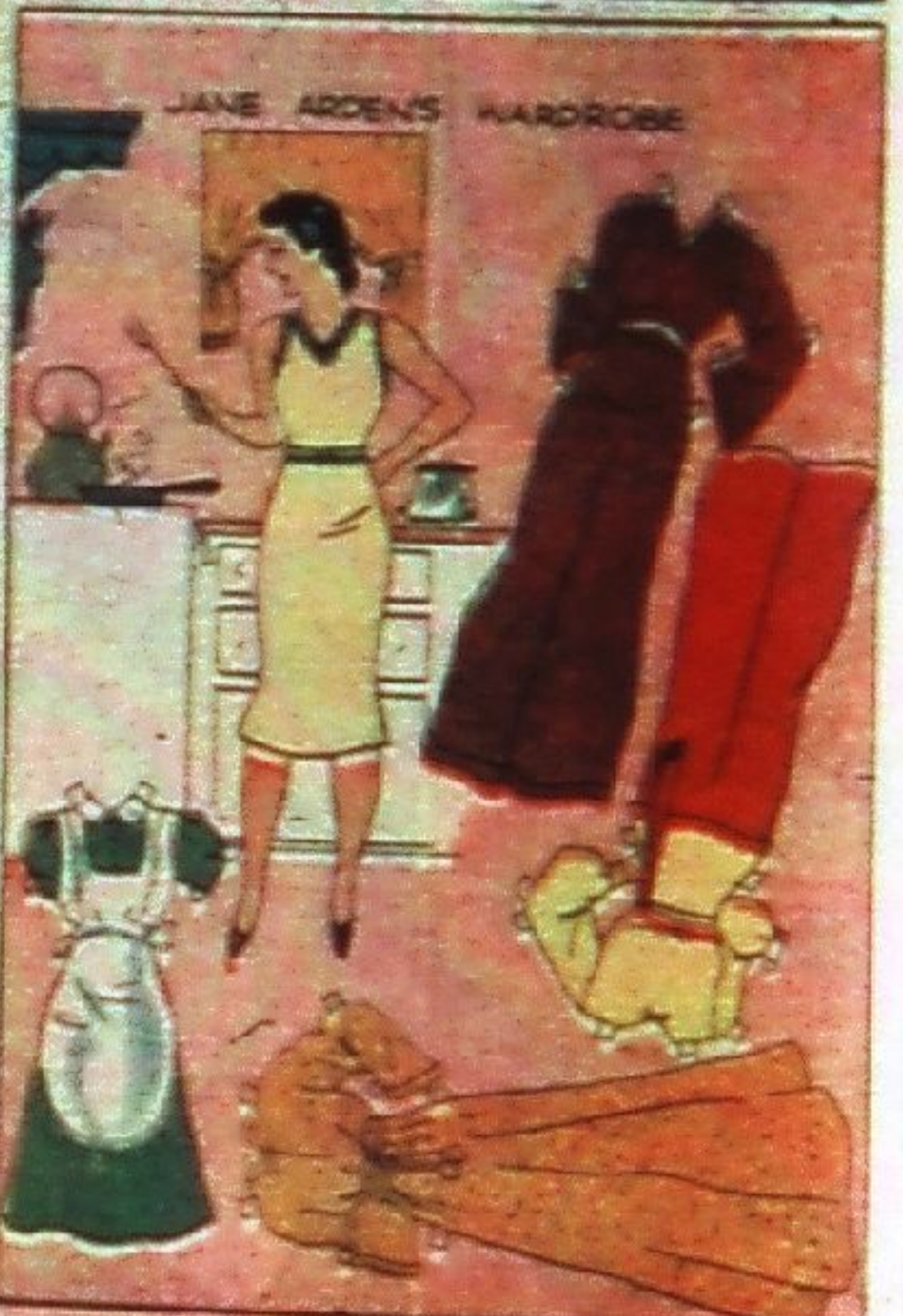
WE COULD REFORM HER IF SHE THOUGHT IT WERE A GAME SHE WUZ PLAYIN' IN.....

SHO!!

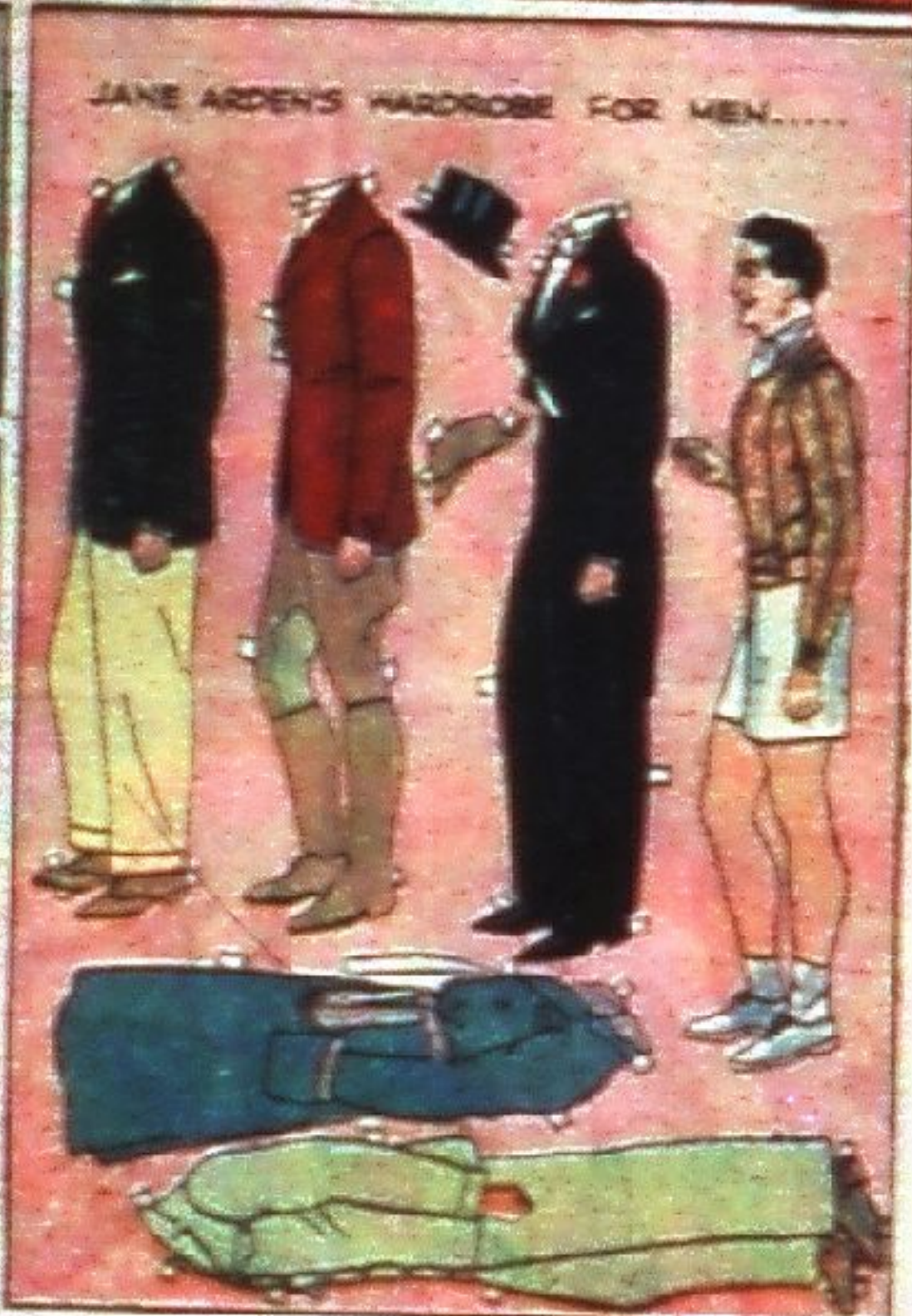
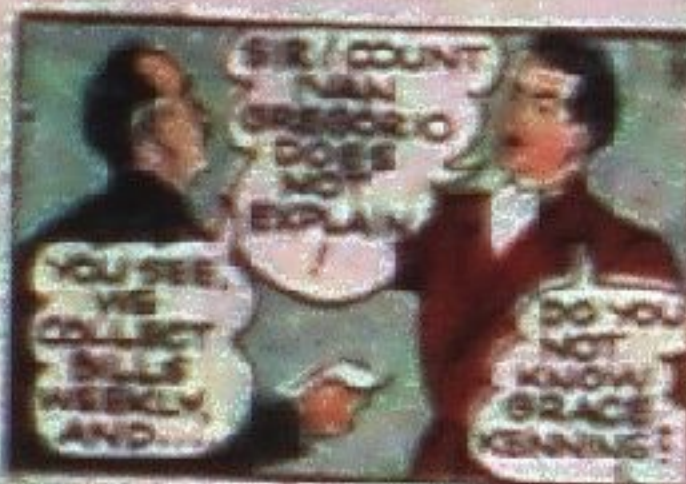
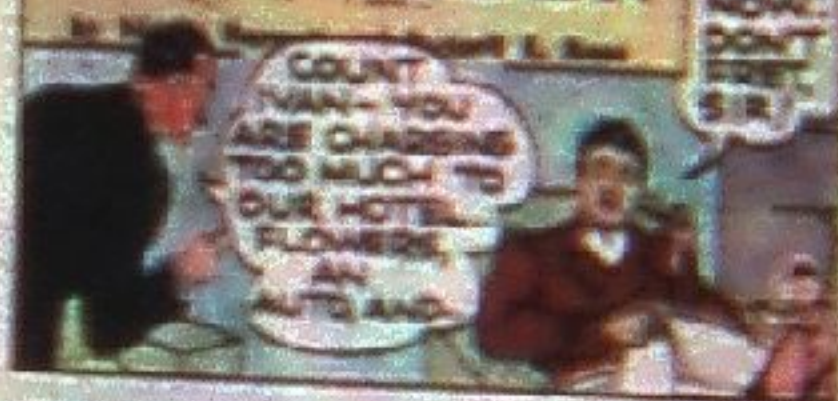
T'NIGHT WELL SET TH' PINES AFTER HER... WE TIE A LOCK OF HER HAIR, TURN 'ER ROUND THREE TIMES... AN' PUT A TOWEL UNDER HER PILLOW!!

JANE ARDEN'S RIDING CLOTHES

JANE ARDEN



JANE ARDEN



Jane Arden is continued in the January issue—on sale November 29th.

Alias the Spider

BY PAUL GUSTAVSON

IT IS A MID-WESTERN BANK... A GROUP OF MEN ENTER... ONE CARRIES A MOVIE CAMERA...



THERE IS A SHOUTED COMMAND:

EVERYBODY SHUT YOUR TRAPS AND STAND STILL... THIS IS A REAL STICK-UP!



HEY! YOU CAN'T ROB THIS BANK! MY DADDY HAS MONEY IN IT!!

YEAH!



HEY, FLICK! GRAB THAT KID... WE'LL USE HIM AS A SHIELD!



AND THUS USING THE BOY, THE ROBBERS GET AWAY WITH \$100,000.



DURING THE NEXT WEEK MANY NEWSPAPERS CARRY A VERY STARTLING KIND OF HEADLINE:



WHILE IN THE BANDITS' CAR... MISTER MIKE—DO WE HAFTA TAKE THAT LAST SCENE OVER AGAIN?

YEP! AFRAID WE WILL, BOBBY!

CHANGE TH KID'S OUTFIT, SPUD!



SHUCKS! I WISH I COULD ACT BETTER—AND NOT MAKE SO MANY MISTAKES... IT MUST COST YOU A LOT FOR FILM... W-WELL, I'LL TRY TOO BETTER.



AS THE BANK ROBBERIES CONTINUE, A BLACK OBJECT NOW BURNS UP THE ROAD FROM THE EAST... IT'S THE BLACK WIDOW!!



AND STEERING IT IS THE AGE CRIME DESTROYER... THE SPIDER



PRETTY CLEVER OF THOSE CROOKS... USING THAT POOR KID AS A MOVIE "FRONT" TO FOOL THE POLICE INTO NOT SHOOTING AT THEM...



WITH NIGHT FALLING, THE BLACK WIDOW ROARS INTO RIDGEWOOD, UTAH... THE SCENE OF THE LAST BANK STOCK-UP...



W-WHAT IS THAT ???

STOP SPUTTERING, DAD... AND TELL ME WHICH WAY THOSE ROBBERS FLED!



T-THAT WAY... IN A SEDAN!

A SUDDEN ROAR, THEN ZING! THE BLACK WIDOW STREAKS OUT OF RIDGEWOOD...



WOW... G-GOSH!

LATER, THE BANK ROBBERS' TRAIL AGAIN LEADS THE SPIDER BACK TO THE TOWN OF RIDGEWOOD!



WHM... THEY'RE GOING RIGHT BACK WHERE THEY CAME FROM / THEY'RE GOING TO PULL THE OLD TRICK OF HIDING RIGHT UNDER THE NOSES OF THE POLICE... WE'LL SEE...



CONFOUND YOU, YOU WILD BED-BUG / WHY DON'TCHA LOOK WHERE YER RUNNIN' THAT CRATE, DRIVER!



COOL DOWN, OLD TIMER... HERE'S \$50... KEEP QUIET ABOUT SEEING MY CAR HERE!

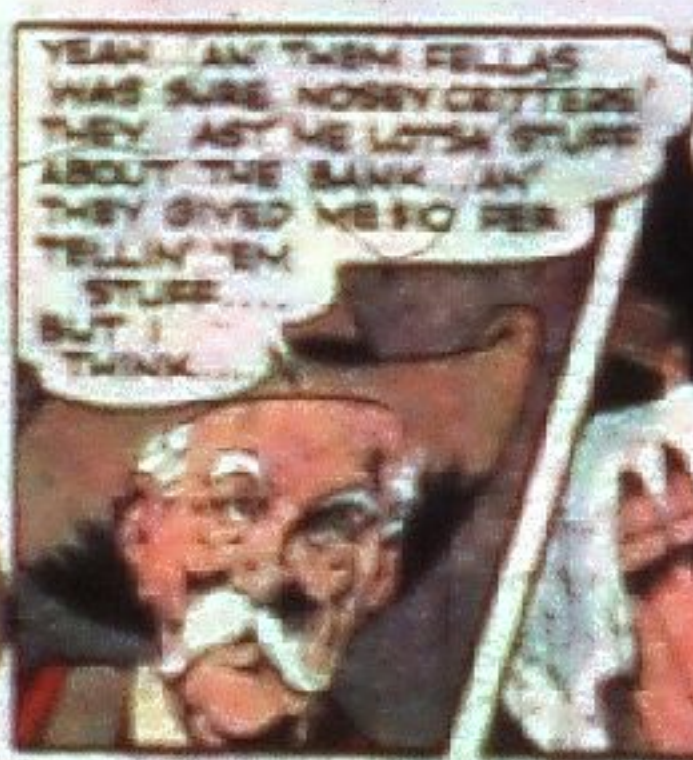


I GITCHA FRIEND, OKAY!



HEY... HAVE YOU SEEN FOUR MEN WITH A LITTLE BOY AROUND HERE?

WELL - I DID SEE SOME MEN... BUT NO SIGN OF ANY LITTLE BOY...



YEAH... AN' THEM FELLAS WAS SURE NOSEY GETTERS! THEY ASK ME LOTS O' STUFF ABOUT THE BANK... AN' THEY GIVED ME 50 PER. TELLIN' 'EM STUFF... BUT I THINK...



LOOK... I'LL GIVE YOU TWENTY IF YOU TELL ME WHERE I MIGHT FIND 'EM!

WHY? I KIN BRING YA TO 'EM NOW!



SURE... HERE WE ARE!

TH' SPIDER!



HELLO RATS!



TIPPEE!

THE THUGS DASH THROUGH THE BACK DOOR



OHON, PARTNER... WE'RE AFTER THEM!

YIPPEE!

COME BACK HERE... YOU'LL BE HUNT!



WHY ARE YA CHASIN' THESE FELLAS?



THEY'RE THE CROOKS THAT HELD UP THE BANK TODAY!



WHY? I'LL... I'LL...



NOW, POP... I'M GOING UP TO THE ROOF... YOU STAY HERE AND KEEP HIDDEN SO ONE OF THEIR SHOTS DON'T NICK YOU!



LOOK! HE'S ON THE ROOF!

KEEP SHOOTIN' I'M GOIN' AFTER TH' KID!



HEY! LISTEN, YOU BIRDS—I'VE BEEN PLAYING TILL NOW--- BUT FROM NOW ON, I MEAN BUSINESS!!



GOOD GOSH! THEY'RE DRAGGING OUT THAT LITTLE BOY! I GET IT....



OKAY SPIDER! LET'S SEE YER FANCY SHOOTIN' NOW!

THEY'RE REAL ROBBERS!



BUT, LITTLE... DOES THE ROBBER REALIZE HOW DEADLY THE SPIDER'S AIM IS... THE OLD TMR SENDS IN A SECOND SHOT....



BOTH SHOTS SCORE... THE THUG DIES INSTANTLY...



C'MON, SON— RUN! RUN!

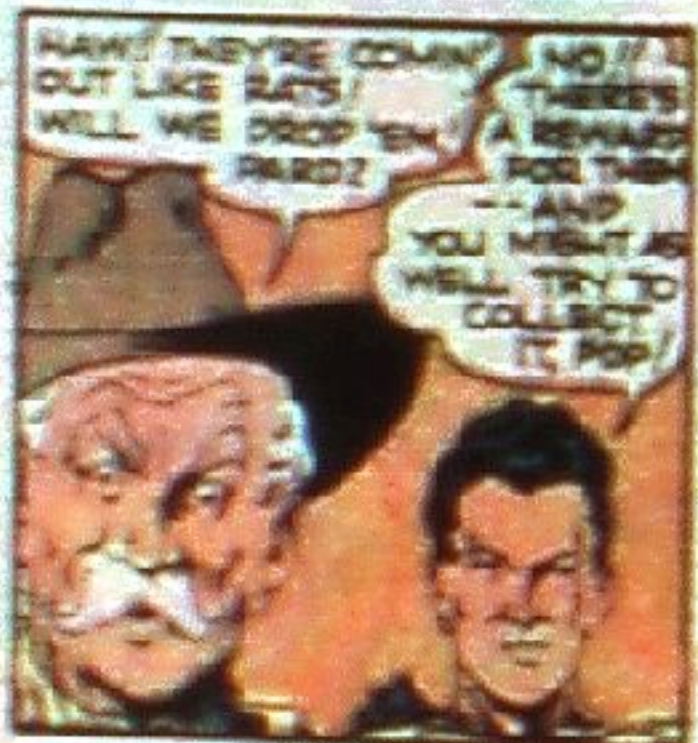
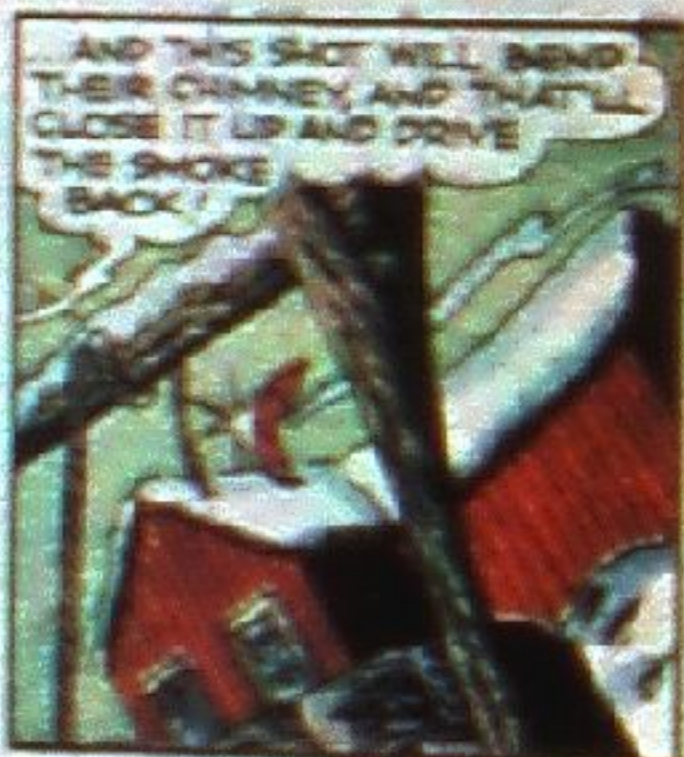
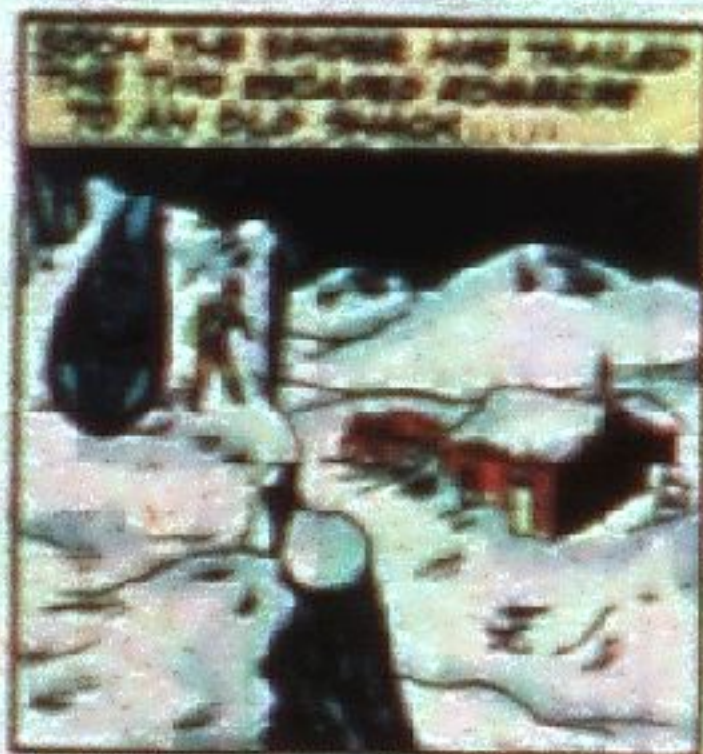


THE TWO REMAINING HOODLUNS WILDLY FLEE, LEAVING THE BOY...



OMG... I THOUGHT I ALRIGHT! WHEN WE WERE MAKIN' MOVIES IN THE BANKS... NOT ROBBIN' THEM!

NOW HURRY... WE'RE TAKING A RIDE!



LEAVING THE OLD TIMER TO LOOK AFTER THE YOUNG BOY, THE SPIDER TAKES AFTER THE FLEEING THUGS.



AHEM... STOP ME IF I JAR YOU TOO MUCH, SNAKE.



THE SPIDER AND HIS QUARRY TUMBLE CRAZILY DOWN A STEEP HILLSIDE... THEY CRASH INTO THE SECOND SURPRISED HOODLUM WHO IS ESCAPING.



WELL... WELL... IF WE DON'T HAVE COMPANY, THAT'S IF A RAT IS COMPANY!



HERE! I'LL PILE YOU NEATLY.



I GUESS THIS IS THE END OF THIS WILD WEST MOVIE COMPANY. THE DIRECTORS LOOK SICK!



LATER... THE OLD TIMER HAS BROUGHT THE STUNNED ROBBERS INTO THE SURPRISED SHERIFF.

TWARENT' NOTHIN' TO IT, SHERIFF. WAN, ALL OF A SUDDEN-LIKE I FOUND ME REAL STRENGTH AN... AN...



BUT THE OLD TIMER STRIKES A MATCH ON AN ARROW GIVEN HIM BY THE SPIDER.



HOW GREAT ROMAN CANDLES!

THE SEAL OF THE SPIDER! WHY YOU PINT-SIZED, BOY-LEGGED LIAR! YOU CAUGHT' EN, EH? HAY-BIT OUT BEFORE I RUN YA IN!



MEANWHILE... AT THE SPIDER'S NEW YORK HOME.

BUT BOSS... I'M WILLIN' TBE A GOOD CHAUFFEUR, BUT THIS KID'S FACE WEARS ME DOWN. HE'S USE TA EXCITEMENT LIKE YOU DISH IT OUT!



LEE Preston

THE RED CROSS

By Terrence Macaulay



OUT OF THE WEST THE FAST BLUE LIMITED SPEEDS TO HER NEXT STOP.



SUDDENLY, ROUNDING A CURVE, THE STARTLED ENGINEER SEES ANOTHER TRAIN.



A SECOND LATER THE TRAINS MEET WITH A FEARFUL IMPACT.



A SHORT TIME LATER LEE IS ASKED TO RUSH MEDICAL SUPPLIES TO THE DISASTER.



LOSING NO TIME, LEE PRESTON IS SOON IN THE AIR.



QUICKLY SHE REACHES THE SCENE OF THE ACCIDENT.





KEEPING THE CAR IN SIGHT WITH
HER LANDING LIGHTS,
LEE FOLLOWS CLOSELY.



THE CAR PULLS UP AT
A DOCK.

OH! THEY'RE
TRANSFERING TO
A SPEED-BOAT!



AGAIN LEE FOLLOWS. THIS TIME
OVER WATER. SUDDENLY HER
MOTOR COMES OUT.



SHILLFULLY LEE THROWS THE
PLANE INTO THE WATER.

DARN IT! I'LL
LOSE THEM
NOW!



BUT LEE IS MISTAKEN.

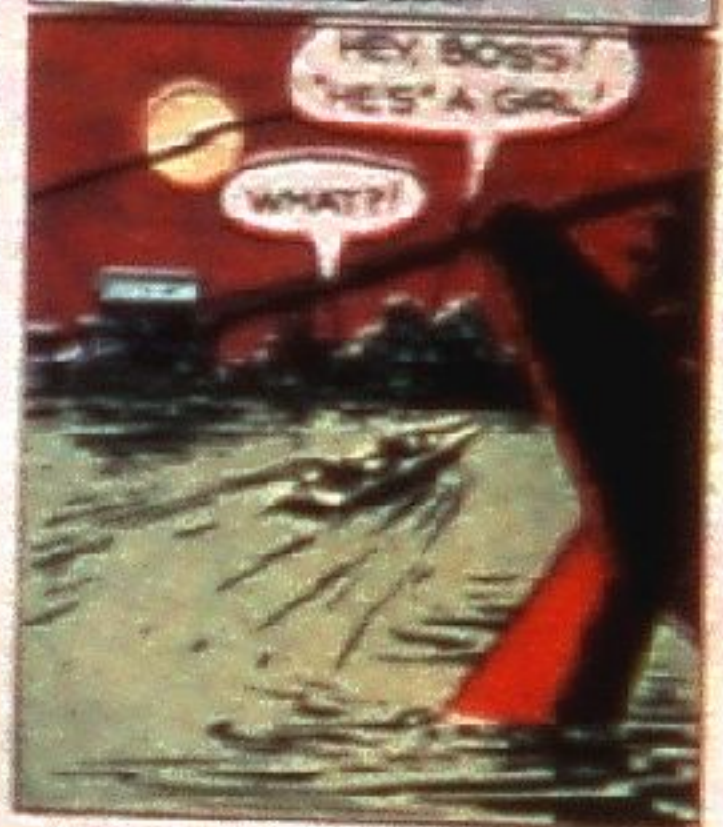
SWING AROUND AND
PICK THAT PILOT UP...
I WANT NO
WITNESSES!



THE CAPTURE IS QUICKLY EFFECTED,
AND THE BOAT CONTINUES
ON ITS WAY.

HEY, BOSS!
"HE'S" A GIRL!

WHAT?!



MEANWHILE, RICK SEARCHES
IN VAIN...

THEY'VE GOT LEE
TOO! I'VE GOT TO
FIND THEM AND
SAVE HER!



BUT
HOURS
STRETCH
INTO
DAYS
AS AN
AROUSSED
COUNTRY
SIDE
JOINS
IN THE
SEARCH.
RICK,
BELIEVING
THEM
HIDDEN
NEARBY,
HUNTS
NECESSITATED.

IM GOING TO
LOOK AROUND
THE BLUE OWL
AGAIN!



PUTTING THOUGHT INTO ACTION
RICK LEAVES IN A FAST PURSUIT
PLANE.



IN THE MEANTIME, LEE, IN THE HANDS OF THE FIFTH COLUMNISTS, HAS BEEN SHIPPED TO A NEW PRISON.



SETTING THE ROCKET UP, LEE AIMS AT THE FREEDOM-BARRING DOOR.



WITH A SHRIEK, THE POWERFUL ROCKET TEARS THE DOOR FROM ITS HINGES.



AT THAT MOMENT, THE ROCKET IN ITS WILD FLIGHT NARROWLY MISSES RICK'S PLANE.



HE SPRAYS THE FIFTH COLUMNISTS WITH MACHINE GUN BULLETS.



QUICKLY RICK LANDS.



AT THAT MOMENT A RADIO CAR, ATTRACTED BY THE SHOTS, RUSHES UP.



AND THE REMAINING MEMBERS OF THE GANG ARE QUICKLY ROUNDED UP.



GREAT WORK, LEE, AND YOU'RE GREAT, TOO! HOW ABOUT MARRYING ME!



ANOTHER THRILLING EXPLOIT WITH LEE PRESTON IN THE NEXT ISSUE! DON'T MISS IT!

SNAPPY

HEY, SIS -
WAIT A
MINUTE!



WILL YOU LEND
ME SOME MONEY
TO BUY JANE A
NICE PRESENT
WITH?

YES - BUT YOU
BE COMING OUT
ON YOUR NEXT
ALLOWANCE



CHUCK BROT, LET'S GO
SHOPPING! WHAT
DO YOU THINK
SHE'D LIKE?



BUY ALL A FELLER
CAN GET A GIRL IS
FLOWERS, HANDBAGS
OR CANDY



- AND BEING AS I LIKE
CANDY BEST, THIS IS
IT! SHE'LL HAVE TO
JUST BE POLITE



HEY
SNAP!

WHAT DO
YOU WANT? I'M
IN A
HURRY!



DO A PAL A FAVOR
AND DELIVER THIS
BOX TO MY UNCLE
GEORGE AT THE
MUSEUM -



BE CAREFUL WITH
IT - IT'S A RARE THING
I FOUND IN OUR BACK
YARD AT HOME

TO TAKE IT
UNWELT
BUT I'LL
HOLD PAPERS



I DON'T KNOW WHAT IT
IS - PROBABLY A FLOWER
OF SOME KIND, BUT IT
CAN WAIT. TELL I
DELIVER THIS OTHER -



HELLO JANE!
I-I-I - I BROUGHT
YOU A CHRISTMAS
PRESENT, I -

WHY
SNAPPY -
DO COME
IN!



OH - HOW SWEET,
TWO OF THEM!

NO, YOU
SEE -
I-I -



NED BRANT

By BOB ZUPPKE

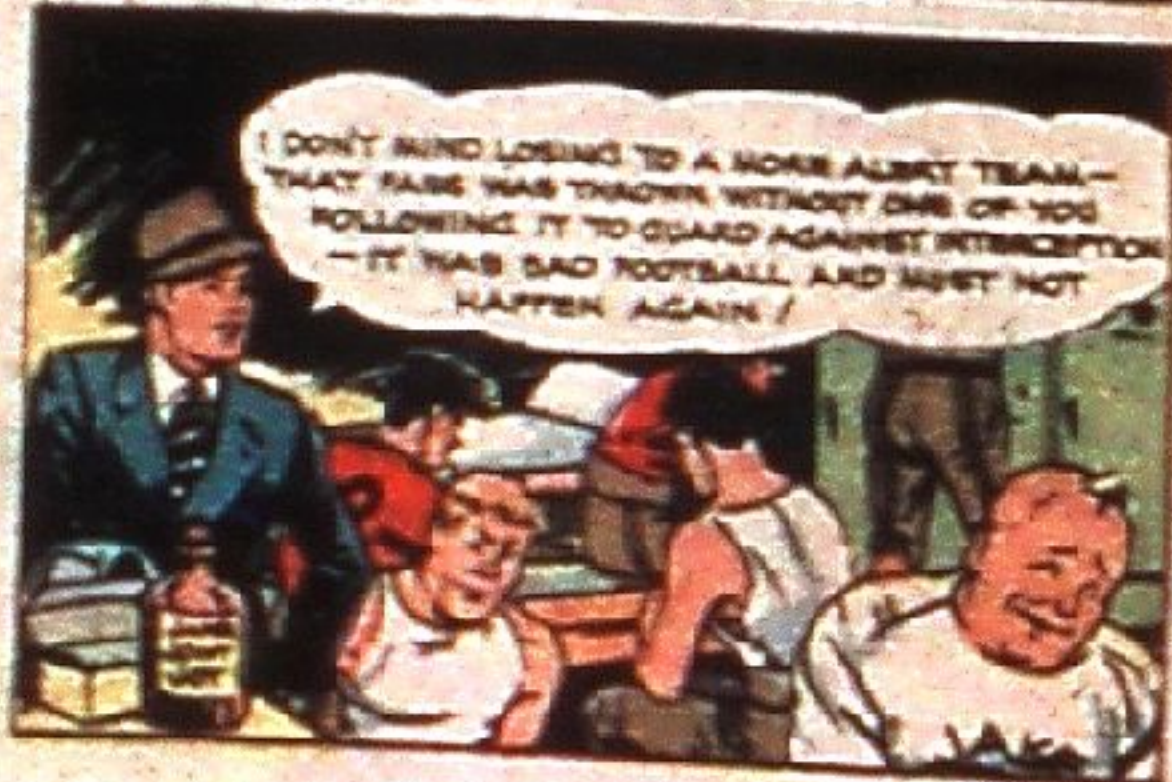
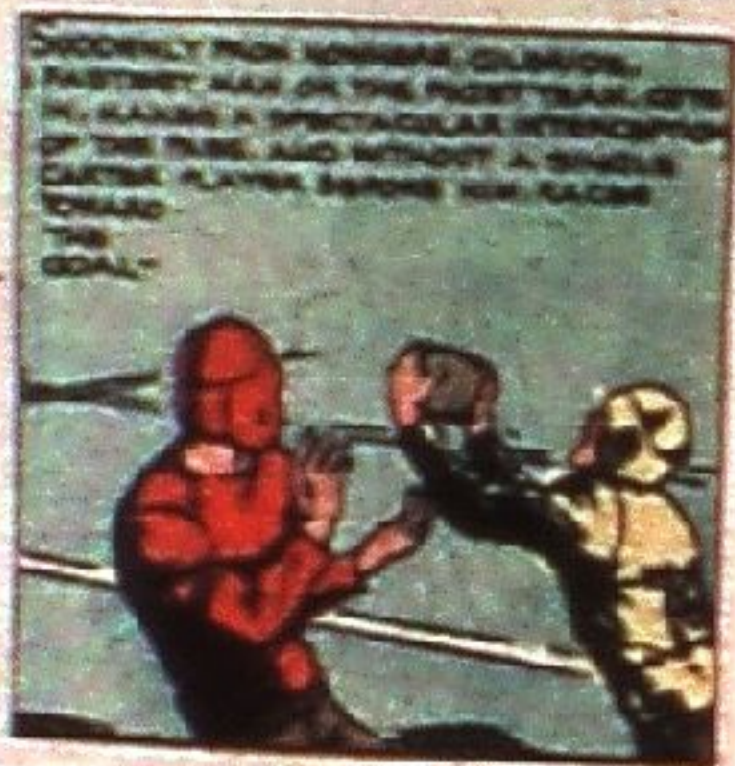
HOLD THAT LINE!

HOLD THAT LINE!

HOLD THAT LINE!

FOOTIE'S LEAD IS ONLY 14 TO 18, COACH, AND THERE ARE MOST THREE MINUTES TO PLAY.

BUT WE CAN'T SCORE WITHOUT THE BALL, JAKE.



NED BRANT

By BOB ZUPPKE

DRAWN BY E. W. DREW

HEY, BUD—
LOOK!

YES, I KNOW—
THE FRESHMAN
GIRLS CERTAINLY
ARE ATTRACTIVE
THIS YEAR.

GIRLS
MY
EYE!

I MET ONE
YESTERDAY—
SUFFERING
SALMON!

CALL OUT THE
FOOTBALL TEAM!

THE
NERVE
OF THAT
CALUMET
OUTFIT!
SAY, DON'T
WE PLAY
THEM NEXT
WEEK?

YES, CLEAR UP
ON TOP OF THE
ADMINISTRATION
BUILDING—GET
THE REST OF
THE GANG!

MAKE IT
SNAPPY,
WOLF!

HOW
ARE WE
GOING TO
GET IT
DOWN?

I'LL
HAVE TO
HIRE A
STEELER
JACK
OR—
SOME-
THING!

I'LL GET
IT!

BEFORE THE
TEAM COULD
STOP HIM, BOB
CARTER'S
REMARKABLE
ATHLETICISM
SHOT INTO THE
BUILDING, UP
THE STAIRS,
AND IS NOW
STARTING A
PERILOUS
CLIMB UP THE
SLIPPERY
LOOP!

HE SLIPPED AGAIN—
WE SHOULDN'T HAVE
LET HIM DO
IT!

I'M GOING
TO CALL
THE FIRE
DEPART-
MENT SO
IT CAN GET
A NET
READY!

WNET

SOMEBODY
WAS SHOWN
AROUND THE
NEIGHBOR-
HOOD AND
BOARDS
WATCH THE
HARD WORK
OF CARTER
HOLD HIS
WAY OF THE
STAIRS TO
THE
FLIPPING
CALUMET
PENANT!

WAG
OOT!
IT!

LET'S GIVE HIM
THE CARTER LOCOMOTIVE
—AND MAKE IT
DRAFFENING!

I KNOW
WHERE
I'M GOING
RIGHT NOW
TO GET
TICKETS
FOR THAT
CARTER-
CALUMET
GAME!

COUNT ME IN! THAT REALLY
OUGHT TO BE SOMETHING
AFTER THIS INCIDENT!

NED BRANT

By BOB ZUPPKE

I MIGHT REMIND YOU YOU'RE PLAYING CALUMNET. THE BOYS WHO HOISTED THEIR SCHOOL COLORS TO THE TOP OF OUR ADMINISTRATION BUILDING—LET'S GO!

CARTER WILL KICK ONE.

CALUMNET WILL DEFEND THE SOUTH GOAL.

I'LL TAKE HIM!
MISS HIM!
AW, LET ME NAIL HIM!

GATHERING IN THE BALL ON HIS 10-YARD LINE, THE CALUMNET HALFBACK BARELY NOOKS HIS WAY TO THE 15-YARD STRIKE BEFORE HE IS HIT—AND HIT HARD—

THAT'S THE OL' WAY TO BRANK IN THERE, SHAGS!

57-28-93-45—

CUT HIM DOWN, YOUNG!

HAVE THAT HALFBACK COME THROUGH AND SEE ME SOMETIME—I'M ALWAYS HERE!

SECOND DOWN—15 YARDS TO GO FOR CALUMNET!

CALUMNET'S GOING TO PUNT, GAIL—THE MAN OF YOUR NOOK IS BACKING UP TO MAKE THE CATCH!

WHEN THEY KICK THAT BALL TO NED BRANT, THE WORD PUNBLE DROPS RIGHT OUT OF THE DICTIONARY.

THERE'S THE PASS FROM CENTER—IT'S A FAKE PUNT—HE'S RUNNING WITH IT—FAST THE LINE OF SCRIMMAGE—HE'S LOOSE—ONLY NED BRANT TO STOP HIM NOW!

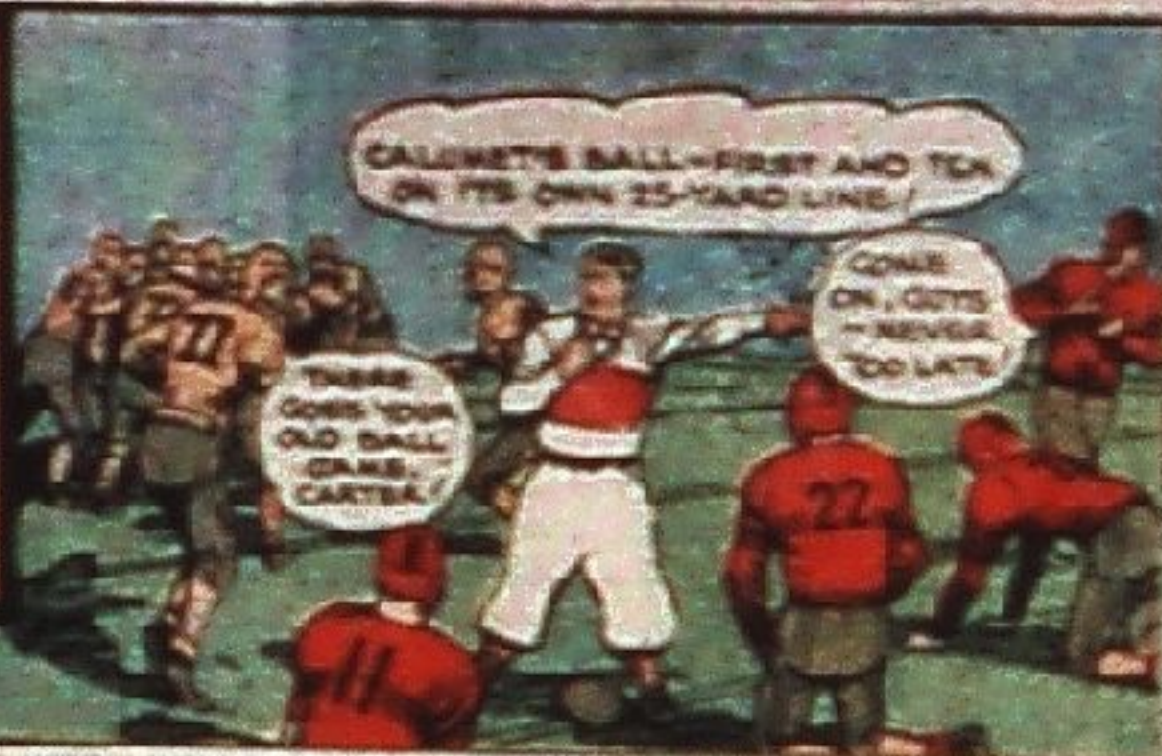
THE GREAT CARTER CROWD SITS STUNNED AS NED BRANT MAKES A HEROIC BUT FUTILE ATTEMPT TO STOP THAT CALUMNET TOUCHDOWN—

THE BALL CARRIER STEPPED OUT OF BOUNDS ON CARTER'S FIVE-YARD LINE WHEN BRANT DROVE AT HIM—THE BALL GOES INTO PLAY THERE!

NED BRANT

By BOB ZUPPKE

DEARBY ST. L. M. 20774



CALUMET'S BALL—FIRST AND TEN ON ITS OWN 25-YARD LINE!

COME ON, GUYS—NEVER TOO LATE!

THERE GOES YOUR OLD BALL GAME, CARTER!



ONLY A MINUTE OR SO TO PLAY, WITH CALUMET LEADING 7 TO 6—CALUMET PROBABLY WILL KICK DOWNFIELD OUT OF DANGER.



CALUMET IS STALLING! CARTER IS HELPLESS IN THE FACE OF THAT!

THEY'RE NOT TRYING TO GAIN—THEY'RE JUST RUNNING PLAYS SLOWLY TO KEEP THE BALL!



THIRD DOWN—THEY'LL PUNT THIS TIME SURE!

LET'S GET IN THERE AND BLOCK THAT KICK!



THE CALUMET CENTER ENDORES A BAD PASS—AS THE BALL SALES OVER THE KICKER'S HEAD—EAGLE CARTER PLAYERS SLASH THROUGH CALUMET'S FORWARD WALL—



CARTER'S BALL! FIRST AND TEN ON CALUMET'S FIFTEEN!



BUT, I TELL YOU THAT PLAY IS SO OLD IT HAS WHISKERS A YARD LONG, KID!

I'M CALLING SIGNALS, BOO! IF WE FAIL I'LL TAKE THE RESPONSIBILITY, KID!



KNOCK DOWN THAT PASS!

THERE GOES THE GUN!

GAMES NOT OVER TILL THE PLAY IS COMPLETED!



THAT'S THE OLD WAY TO RAMBLE, BOO—YOU'RE OVER!

AND THEY BEAT US WITH A PLAY THEY HAD TO SHAKE THE DUST FROM!

Ned Brant is continued in the January issue—on sale November 29th.



"Take that, Dutchie!"

Big Joe Lafferty's ham-like fist smashed against the old planter's jaw and he went down with a crash, overturning a table.

The room was deathly quiet, except for the feeble breathing of the Dutch planter, knocked cold on the floor. Big Joe's beady eyes swiveled around the room and a snarl curled his pendulous upper lip.

"Anyone else want some?" he growled.

Not a sound from the steady, drawn faces of the planters gathered in the Koppie Inn, Capetown's hang-out for the better class of planters who tilled the vast acres of South Africa's veldt.

Big Joe laughed contemptuously, turned on his heel and strode noisily out of the room. There was a general sound of relaxation among the tense men. They had seen Big

Joe in action before. Many times. None of them was a match for the huge brute, but all wished devoutly that he would meet some violent end.

Just who Big Joe was nobody knew. He had blown into Capetown a year before. Then he had disappeared a month later and was gone for six weeks. When he returned he was haggard and hollow-eyed and there were those who took pity on him. But he spurned sympathy, in so many words told everyone to mind his own business.

Big Joe made periodic trips into the jungle, always alone, and usually stayed five or six weeks. What he did no one had an idea. But naturally all were curious. Big Joe boasted that he was infallible. When warned about certain native tribes lurking in the vicinity, he would guffaw loudly and shout, "Them niggers! Hah! I never saw the nigger yet that could throw a scare into me! The jungle? Baloney! No blasted jungle, an' no bloomin' nigger's goin' to keep me in camp!"

It was two months after the fight in the Koppie Inn that a stranger arrived in Capetown. He presented his credentials and was driven to the Chief Magistrate's office.

"Ah," beamed old Hans Hanrikas as the young man was ushered into his presence. "This is indeed a pleasure. Eric Vale—come all the way from America to give us a hand!"

"I hope I can do some good, sir," he said modestly.

"That you can," Hans assured him. "We have a situation here that our native police seem unable to cope with. Slavery! Yes, I know—twentieth century and all that. But nevertheless, slavery is going on, on a large scale, right under our noses. We want it stopped, Mr. Vale."

They talked for twenty minutes, during which time Eric got as com-

plete a picture of the situation as was possible. Who was the head? How was the slaving being accomplished? None of these things could old Hans throw any light on. It was all up to Eric Vale to solve the mystery.

That evening he made the rounds of the various hangouts in Capetown, ending up at the Koppie Inn. Luckily, Big Joe was there when he entered. As usual, Joe was drunk and in an altercation with a planter.

"You Dutchies!" he yelled. "are a bunch of cream puffs. All you're good for is hanging on to a plow. You let the Friesies take your country. Now you're lettin' a few fizzle niggers cop your farms. Hah! This is what I think of the lot of you!" He tossed a stein of beer in the face of several planters at the bar, then buried the heavy mug. Eric Vale had moved three paces into the room. The mug sailed past his head with scant inches to spare. He ducked. Looked at Big Joe.

"Well, wanta make something of it?" shouted Lafferty.

"Only inn," said Eric quietly. Nobody saw his fist move. The next moment Big Joe was crashing over a table to crash up against the opposite wall of the room. The faces of the onlookers paled. Surely this rash young chap would forfeit his life for swatting Big Joe.

Eric coolly turned his back to the big bully, who was noisily struggling to his feet, wiping blood from the corner of his mouth.



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Big Joe didn't do the expected thing—kill Eric. He walked to the door, turned and said to Eric, "I'll be with you later, bub!" Then he was gone.

Eric said nothing. As he sipped his coffee, several planters edged over to him.

"You've made a bad enemy," one of them warned.

"Who is this Big Joe?" Eric asked. To which they could answer only what they knew—nothing. Eric nodded, and left after a few minutes. Big Joe would bear watching.

Eric got an outfit ready the next day, preparatory to setting forth on safari. He wanted to get some first hand information, if that were possible. There was one old Arab in particular that he wanted to pin down before going farther afield. There was just a chance that Ali Ben Dalami would know something—

The camp of the Arabs was



forty miles out across the veldt, hidden in a clump of date palms. Eric rode into it at five o'clock in the evening. Several native dogs set up a terrific yapping as he trotted into the compound.

Ali bowed to him and invited him to come in and partake of some vile coffee. Eric was cordial. He talked of everything but the purpose of his visit. Ali, he could see, was a sleek one, and was hiding something. He kept watching the tent flap as if expecting something, or somebody. Then the expected happened. A heavily burrowed head poked into the tent and said something in Arabic. All Eric could see were the eyes. They were not an Arab's eyes. They were—Big Joe's!

So that was it! Eric left the camp without mentioning the subject of slavers. This was evidently

the headquarters of the runners. Old Ali was the kingpin.

Back in Capetown Eric reported his discovery to Hans, the magistrate. The latter was taken by surprise. Then he began putting two and two together. "Yes," he said at last. "Yes, I see it now. Quite possible. It fits in with Big Joe's absences . . . Well, what do you wish, Mr. Vale, in the way of equipment?"

Eric wanted nothing but a tough Arab pony and perhaps two good trackers; plenty of ammunition.

The next day he left the city at dawn. That night he skirted the Arab's camp, but kept a mile off. He was not interested in meeting old Ali tonight. Careful investigation that day had revealed the fact that there would be a big raid at midnight on a distant blacks' village. Eric wanted to be handy when it came off.

He and his trackers approached the camp to within a quarter-mile, then dismounted and went forward on foot. Eric ordered his men to trail him about a hundred yards back.

The palisade fence loomed suddenly ahead and he slowed his pace. The village slept peacefully. Suddenly there was a great shouting and fully fifty white-robed horsemen rode down on the village. Ali's men! Big Joe was easily distinguishable in the lead. He waved a huge scimitar and yelled with the best of the Arabs. They practically rode down the gate and thundered into the compound. Screams rose on the night. Eric shouted to his men but they had evidently become frightened and fled. He fired a shot into the air, then ran toward the gate.

A motley mob of blacks ran out past him and a few shots stabbed the darkness. Several Negroes fell, screaming. Eric waited. Then a line of blacks began emerging from the enclosure, all chained together. Slaves! Big Joe was doing it in a big way. There must have been two hundred in that gang. Eric thought. All prime blacks. They'd bring a good price in the northern markets.

Eric saw Ali and Big Joe gallop past, then came the rest of the Arab pack. In a moment they were gone. One thing he remembered: Big Joe and Ali had been using

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loud language as they rode past. Evidently someone was not satisfied with the cut.

Without his trackers, Eric set out in trail of the slavers. They left an easy track in the soft sand.

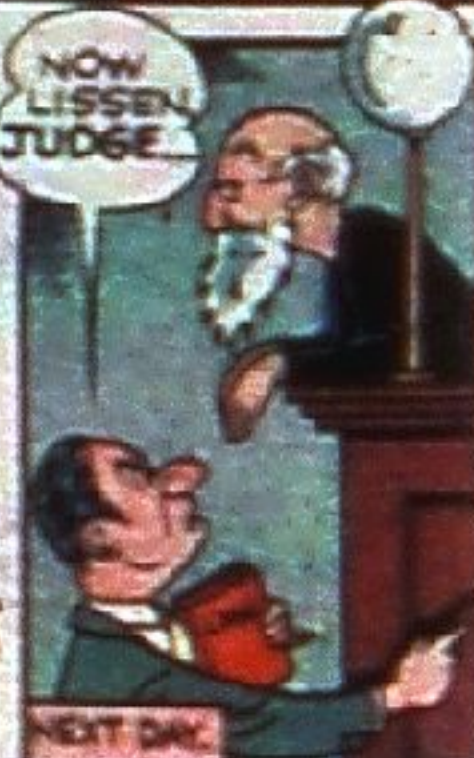
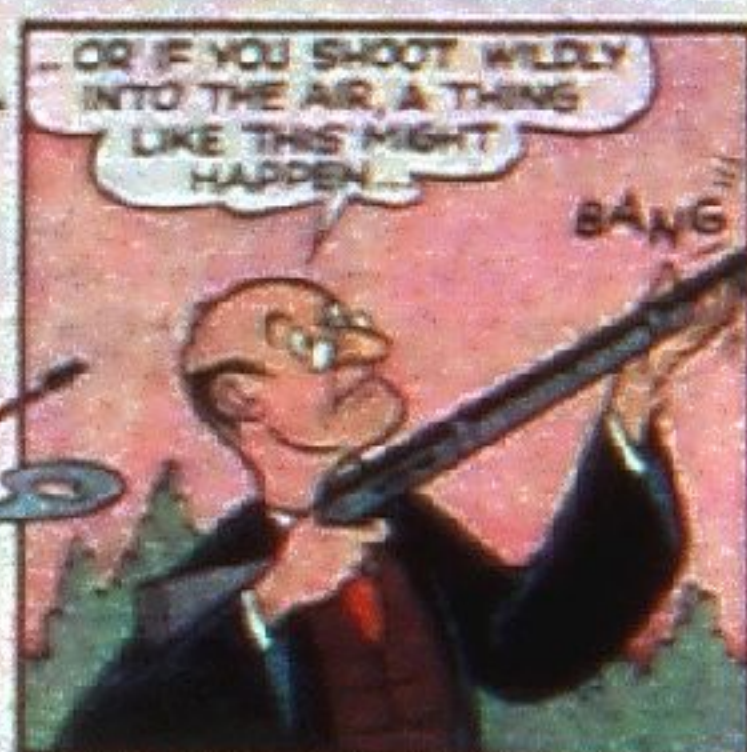
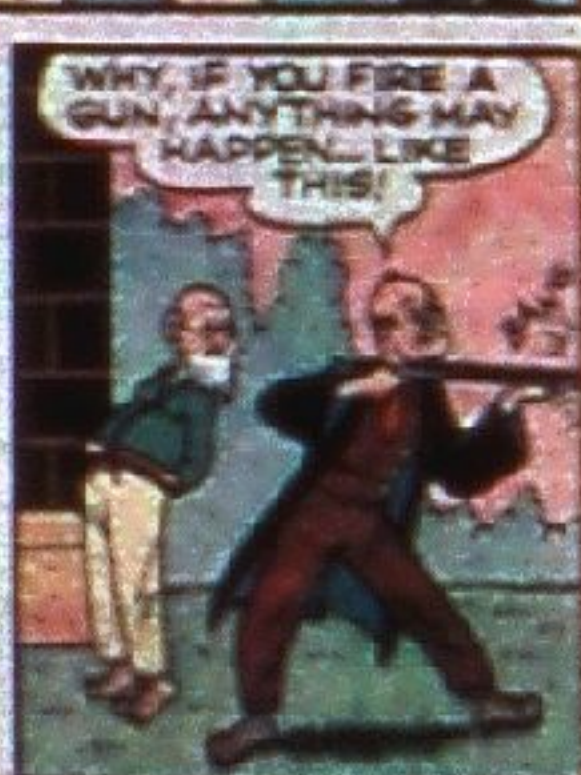
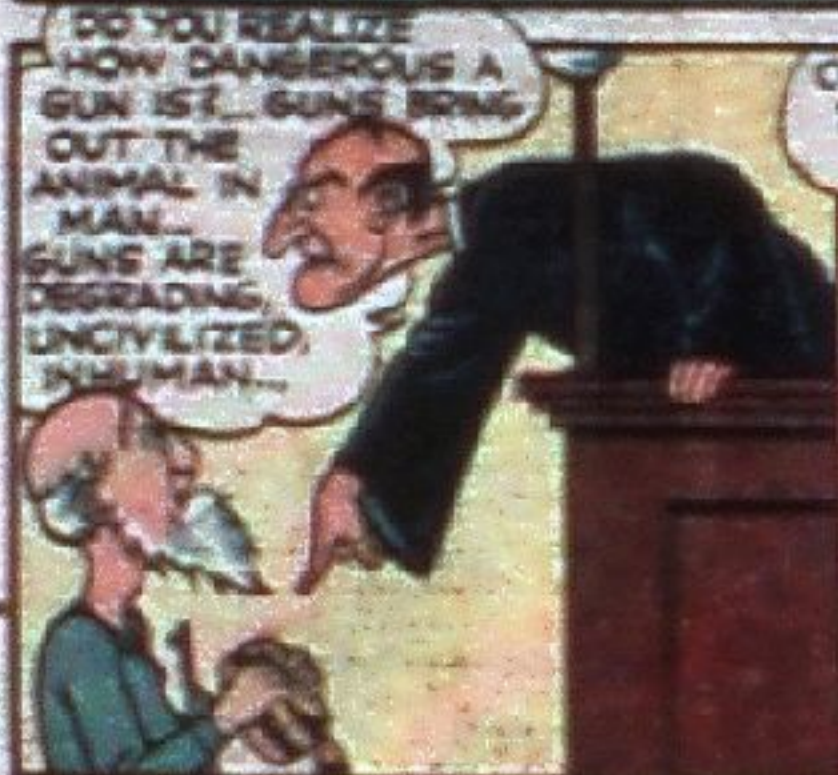
It was dawn when he came across a dead horse. There were big boot tracks leading away from it, toward the north. Such sized boots could only be worn by Big Joe. What, then, had happened? Had Ali and Lafferty quarreled? Had Ali shot Big Joe's horse from under him? Possible. And if so, the big ape wouldn't last long in the desert afoot. Yet he had bragged that nothing was his match.

Eric found him two days later. He was lying on a low rise. His eyes were two holes in his skull. The flesh was gone from his face and hands. A black army swarmed over him, traveling from a hole in the sand mound under him. Big Joe had met his match. The jungle nitzkrieg—devil ants!

"QUOTE THE RAVEN"
A FAST-MOVING ERIC VALE STORY
In the January Issue of
CRACK COMICS
ON SALE NOVEMBER 29th

SLAP HAPPY PAPPY

A LAW AGAINST CARRYING GUNS HAS BEEN PASSED IN PAPPY'S TOWN.



WIZARD WELLS

Miracle Man of Science

REMOTE CONTROL

WIZARD WELLS, AGE SCIENTIST HAS NOW BECOME OUR AGE DEFENDER OF LAW AND ORDER. HE AND HIS PUNCH-DRUNK HELPER, TUG, USE SCIENCE AND COURAGE TO FOIL THE LAWLESS AND PROTECT THE WEAK.

LOOK AT THIS TUG! JASON TERRELL THINKS SOMEONE IS THREATENING HIM. LET'S CALL ON THE OLD FELLOW!



TERRELL! HE'S THE RICH GUY WHOSE ONLY DAUGHTER WENT ON THE STAGE!

AND—ONE HOUR LATER

HERE'S TERRELL'S ESTATE!

TAKES LONG ENOUGH TO GET WAY OUT HERE!

MR. TERRELL? I'M WIZARD WELLS! YOU WROTE TO ME?



YES, YES! SIT DOWN! IT'S ABOUT MY DAUGHTER!

SHE'S BEEN THREATENING TO KILL ME! HEADSTRONG GIRL, BETTY! WENT ON THE STAGE IN SPITE OF ME! DIDN'T THINK SHE'D TRY TO KILL ME THOUGH!



EVERY NIGHT I HEAR HER VOICE THREATENING ME!

WELL, I'LL SEE WHAT I CAN DO, MR. TERRELL!

I'LL TALK TO YOUR DAUGHTER FIRST! YOU WILL HEAR FROM ME LATER! I'LL—



DOWN, TUG!

BANG!

SEE WHAT I MEAN, WELLS?

—TEN MINUTES LATER

WHOEVER FIRED THAT SHOT GOT AWAY! GOOD THING I SAW HIS HAND REFLECTED IN THE DOOR! THAT'S AN IDEA!



I'M STILL SHAKIN'!

THAT NIGHT, AT THE THEATRE WHERE BETTY TERRELL STARS IN A MELODRAMA—

TELL MISS TERRELL THAT WIZARD WELLS WANTS TO SEE HER!



SURE, MR. WELLS!

A BULLET WHINES SAVAGELY

MR. WELLS, THAT'S JUST TOO **RIDICULOUS!** I FOUGHT WITH DAD ABOUT TAKING THIS PART IN REMOTE CONTROL BUT AS FOR **THREATENING TO KILL HIM**-THAT'S **SILLY!**

BUT, MISS TERRELL, HE **HEARD YOUR VOICE!**

HE **DIDN'T** HEAR MY VOICE HE **COULDN'T**, BECAUSE I NEVER THREATENED HIM!

DO YOU KNOW OF **ANYONE** WHO WOULD WANT YOUR FATHER **OUT OF THE WAY?**

A LOT OF **BUSINESS ENEMIES** AND MY **3 BROTHERS**, JOHN, RALPH AND CHARLES!

WHY YOUR **BROTHERS** MISS TERRELL?

BECAUSE THEY **NEED THE MONEY!** WE **EACH** INHERIT A **QUARTER OF DAD'S FORTUNE** -

I **SEE!** BY THE WAY, DID **RECORD REID** COACH YOU FOR THIS PART?

YES, HE DID! WHY DO YOU ASK?

I **MERELY WONDERED!**

YOU SEE, YOUR FATHER HAS ASKED ME TO PROTECT HIM. I **CAN'T** TAKE HIS CASE **NOW**, BUT I WILL IN **2 DAYS!**

THE NEXT MORNING -

THREE GUYS NAME OF TERRELL TO SEE YOU, WIZ?

AH, THE **THREE BROTHERS!** SEND THEM IN!

FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER -

BUT, **BETTY** WILL **KILL FATHER!** I **KNOW IT!**

FURTHER TALK IS **USELESS**, GENTLEMEN

I WILL NOT TAKE YOUR FATHER'S CASE UNTIL **TOMORROW!**

THIS WHOLE BUSINESS IS **ABSURD**, RALPH!

ABSURD **NOTHING** CHARLES! **WELLS GETS THE CASE TOMORROW!**

WIZ, WHY DON'T YOU TAKE THAT CASE **NOW**? CHARLES IS THE GUY, HE'S SCARED OF YOU.

THAT'S WHAT YOU'RE **SUPPOSED** TO THINK, TUG! AND I'M TAKING THE CASE **NOW!**

WE'LL HAVE TO WORK **FAST**, TUG! SET THIS **MIKE** UP NEAR THE DOOR. WHILE I CONNECT THE SHORT-WAVE TRANSMITTER. YOU SEE, I WANT THE ATTEMPT TO **KILL TERRELL** TO BE MADE **TONIGHT!**



AND I WANT TO BE **READY** FOR IT! HERE, THIS LOUD-SPEAKER SHOULD DO THE **JOB!**



NOW, BRING THAT PORTABLE TRANSMITTER AND RECEIVER, AND GET MY CAR!



STOP AT THE HARDWARE STORE AND PICK UP SOME SUPPLIES I ORDERED!



OK, WIZ!

CAREFUL WITH THAT **BIG ONE!** IT'S A **MIRROR!**



WHAT FOR?

MR. TERRELL, WITH YOUR HELP WE MAY CATCH YOUR POTENTIAL KILLER **TONIGHT!**



IT'S ABOUT TIME!

TWO HOURS LATER

I GOT IT FIXED UP, WIZ!

IT'S YOUR IDEA, SILLY STUFF, BUT I'LL DO MY PART!



WIZ AND TUG RETURN TO THE PARKED CAR TO WAIT. LOOK AND LISTEN----



AND AT MIDNIGHT, WIZ HEARS A KNOCKING AT A DOOR IN HIS RADIO HEADSET----



KNOCK!

WHO'S THERE? WHAT DO YOU WANT?

WHO'S THERE? WHAT DO YOU WANT?

IT'S JOHN TERRELL, WELLS! I WANT TO TALK TO YOU!



I WANT TO TALK TO YOU!

PLEASE GO AWAY! I CAN'T TAKE THE CASE UNTIL TOMORROW!



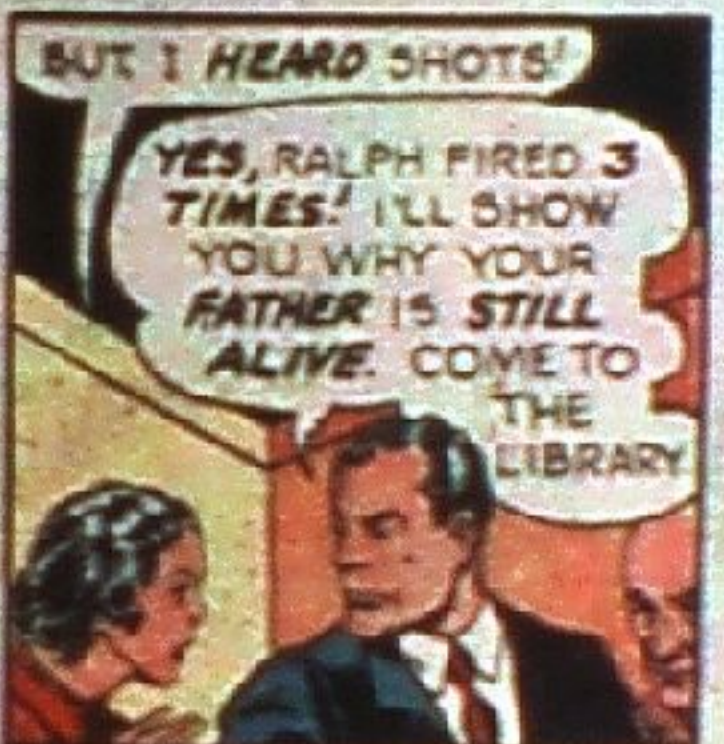


5 MINUTES LATER



RALPH AIMS CAREFULLY AT HIS FATHER, SEATED IN THE LIBRARY, AND FIRES 3 TIMES





RUBE GOLDBERG'S

SIDE SHOW

DORSEY
BEHAVIOR
BOOK—
DON'T HAVE THE
FAMILY SILVER
FALLING FROM YOUR
SLEEVE AS YOUR
HOST SAYS
GOODBYE,
OR YOU WILL NOT
BE INVITED
ANYWHERE!



OUR SPECIAL INVENTION
OR HOW TO PROTECT YOUR-
SELF AGAINST A HOLDUP
MAN...

WHEN YOU LIFT YOUR HANDS,
STRING 'N' LOWERS MATCH'S
WHICH SETS OFF HARPOON
GUN'S FIRING BOXING
GLOVE 'D' AT HOLDUP
MAN'S JAW. IF HE IS ALERT
ENOUGH TO DUCK, HE WILL
STICK HIS FACE INTO
ETHER-SOAKED
SPONGE 'E' AND FALL
SENTLY TO THE
SIDEWALK...



LITTLE BUTCH



SCENE IN BARBER SHOP



YOUR BEST GIRL PASS-
ES THE BARBER SHOP
AND DISCOVERS YOUR
SECRET!



GEE, CHET,
WHAT A
SWELL
RUG!



THAT AIN'T
A RUG—THAT'S
MY
ROOMMATE!



HEY, WE
DIDN'T HAVE
ANY FILM
IN THE
CAMERA!

BLAME
IT ON
WILBUR



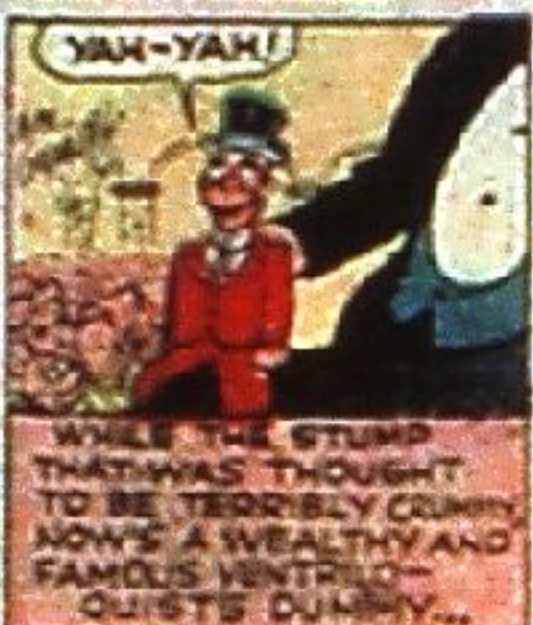
THE TOWERING TREE
REACHING STRAIGHT
TO THE CLOUDS,
STIRS THE AWE AND
THE WONDER OF
CURIOUS CROWDS



WHILE HERE IS A
STUMP THAT IS BENT
AND FORLORN—
A BLOT ON THE LAND-
SCAPE,
AN OBJECT OF SCORN.



BUT THE TOWERING
TREE THAT WAS
LOVED AND ADORED
NOW IS ONLY
A CHINAMAN'S
IRONING BOARD...



WHILE THE STUMP
THAT WAS THOUGHT
TO BE TERRIBLY COUNTRY,
NOW'S A WEALTHY AND
FAMOUS VENTRILO-
QUIST'S DUMMY...

Read Rube Goldberg's Side Show in the January issue of CRACK COMICS.

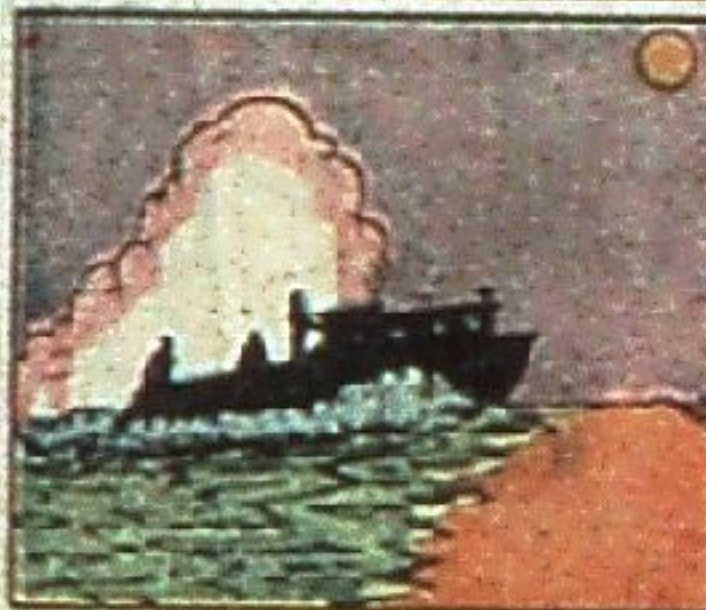
THE CLOCK

by
GEORGE
E.
BRENNER

AS THOUGH OUT OF THE PAST, COMES A MONSTER DIRECTED BY GANGLAND'S CZAR, SPREADING FEAR AND DEATH, UNTIL THE CLOCK AND HIS ABLE ASSISTANT, "PUG" BRADY, MATCH WITS AND STRENGTH WITH THIS CREATURE.



A BOAT QUIETLY KNIPS THROUGH THE WATERS OF LOWER NEW YORK BAY---



A MUFFLED COMMAND IS GIVEN AND THE BOAT HEADS TOWARD A DESERTED WHARF ----



MEANWHILE IN THE HIDE-OUT OF SMOOD CADONE, DETHRONED CZAR OF THE UNDERWORLD--



YEAH, HE WENT TO PICK UP SOMETHIN' FROM A BOAT!





HE'S COMIN' NOW!

YEAH, THAT'S HIS CAR!



HELLO, BOYS!

HELLO, SNOOP. YOU GET IT?



YES - AN' IN ONE MONTH IT WILL PUT ME BACK ON TOP OF ALL RACKETS!



WHAT IS IT - WHERE'D YA GET IT?

A FRIEND OF MINE FOUND IT IN MONGOLIA!



WELL LET'S SEE IT SNOOP?

SURE, BRING IT IN, JOE!



YEOWWW!

LENNIE OUTA HERE!



THERE, YOU GUYS - HE'S HARMLESS UNLESS I WANT HIM TO BE OTHERWISE -



WHAT IS IT, SNOOP?

A FREAK OF NATURE - WITH THE HIDE OF AN ELEPHANT!



BULLETS BOUNCE OFF HIM LIKE RUBBER BALLS -

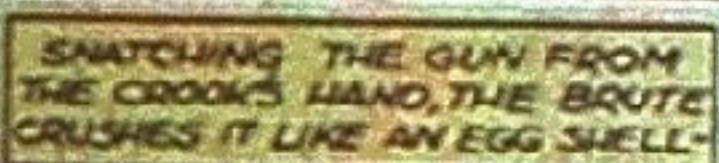


AND HE HASN'T GOT A BRAIN CELL IN THAT THICK SKULL OF HIS -

WHAT'S HIS NAME?



HE HASN'T ANY, BUT BECAUSE HE IS PHYSICALLY SUPERIOR TO ANYTHING ALIVE, AND BECAUSE HE IS VOID OF ALL GRAY MATTER, WE'LL CALL HIM STUPORMAN!



THE
NEXT
DAY

SCALLIO, UNDERWORLD CZAR,
DIES AT HANDS OF MONSTER MAN.
WITNESSES TELL STORY OF CREATURE
VANISHING OVER ROOF TOPS.
ALL TRACE OF MONSTER LOST.
POLICE BELIEVE MONSTER IS CONTROLLED
BY RIVAL GANG.



THE STARTLING
NEWS IS READ BY
BRIAN O'BRIEN,
ALIAS
THE CLOCK,
AND HIS
DOUBLE,
'BUG' BRADY--



MEANWHILE, THE CLOCK
AND PUG ARE DRIVING
TOWARD HEADQUARTERS -

WHEN FATE BRINGS THEM
PAST THE BANK THAT WAS
ROBBED - -



PUG!!
LOOK!!



IT'S THAT
MONSTER-
STOP!



SHAKE IT UP,
FELLAS, HURRY!



WE GOT
TH' DOUGH!

OKAY-
HOME,
STUDORMAN,
GO HOME!

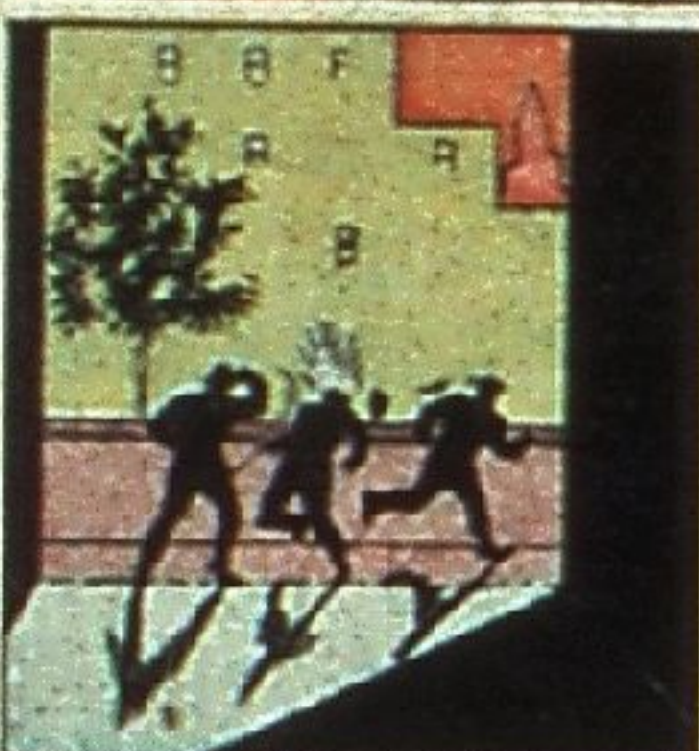


AT 'EM,
PUG-
FAST!



GET
GOIN'-
QUICK!

NO YOU
DON'T!



WHO'S BEHIND
THIS STICK-UP?
TALK, OR
I'LL - -

DON'T--
IT'S
CARONE!



THEY
GOT
LUCK!

I'LL PLUG
HIM-THAT WAY
HE WON'T
TALK!

THE CLOCK SEES A GUN
PROTRUDE FROM THE
ESCAPING CAR -

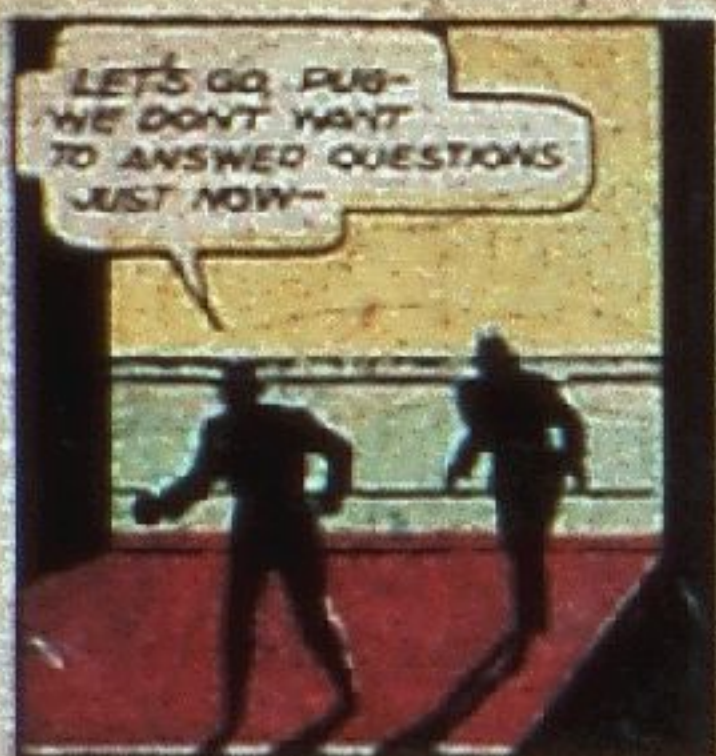


PUG-DUCK!
THEY'RE
AIMING
YOUR
WAY!

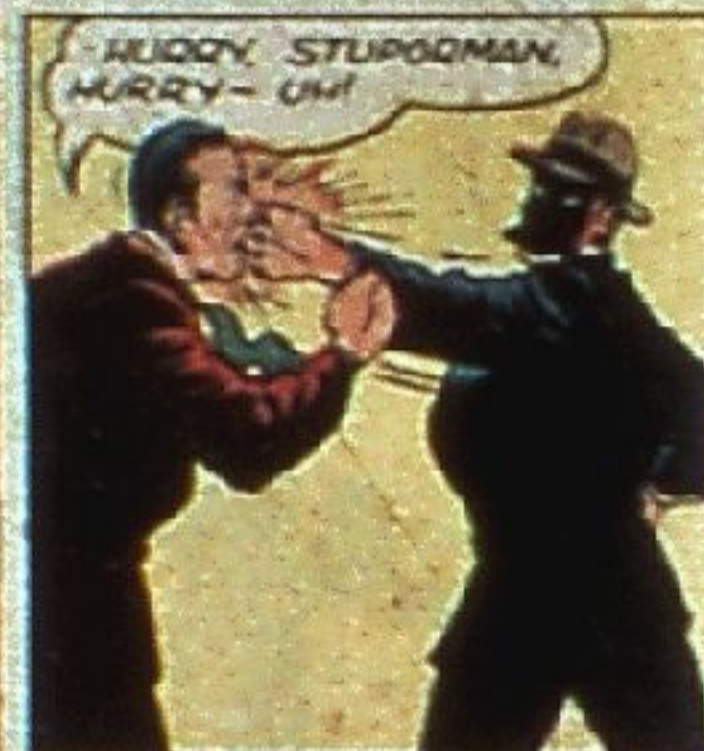
PUG SWINGS THE CROOK'S BODY
AROUND TO SERVE AS A
HUMAN SHIELD - -

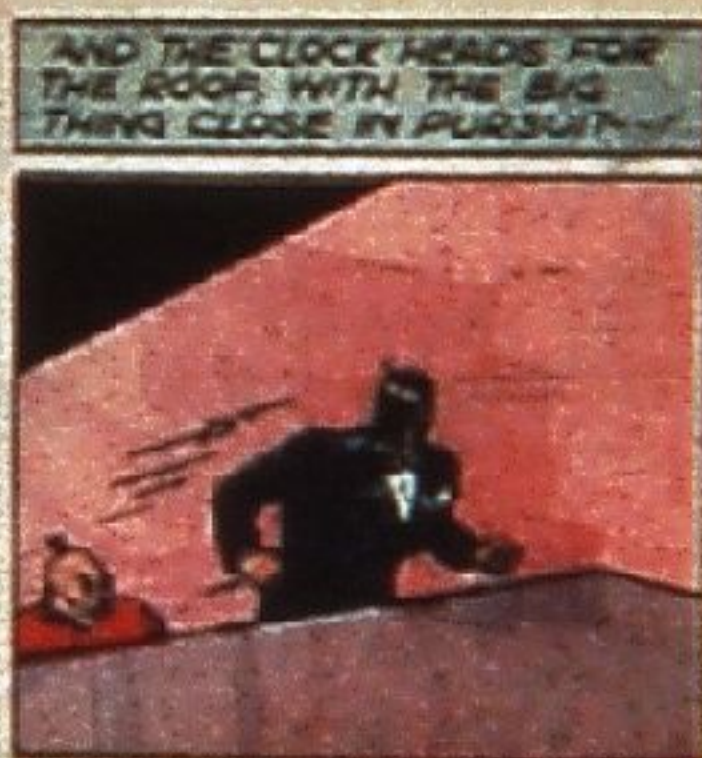


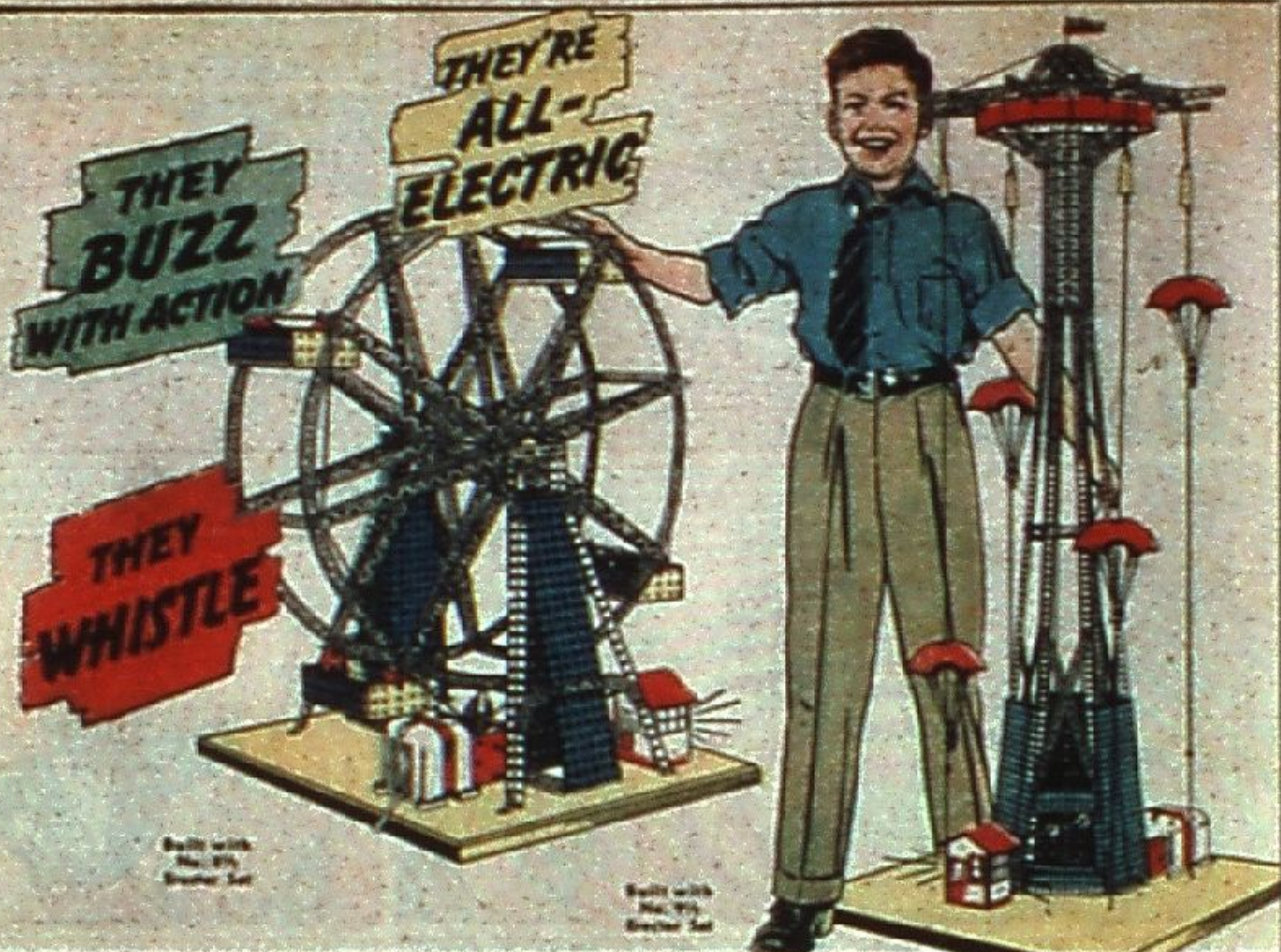
DEAD-AND SOONER
HIM THAN
ME!



A FEW MINUTES LATER, THE
CLOCK AND PUG ARE OUTSIDE
THE GANG LEADER'S DOOR—







BOYS! Look at that towering Erector parachute jump, with electrically illuminated top. You build it yourself. Piece by piece you fit the long gleaming girders together—attach the parachute rigging—and install the powerful Erector reversing electric engine. . . And now for thrilling action! Blow your whistle . . . throw your engine into gear and your parachutes are hoisted up and up until they strike the release mechanism. Then, like a flash, they plummet downward—unfold—and leaily float to the ground.

Now get a load of that mighty Ferris wheel. It whistles—twinkles with light—operates in either direction at slow or high speed. You can build hundreds of spectacular, realistic mechanical marvels with one Erector set. And how the Erector electric engine makes them buzz with action! See the new Erectors at your nearest toy store. Take Dad along.

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Saddle
CARBINE

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Here's RED RYDER...
 See the...
 at your theater

Send Coupon
 Below For Your
FREE
CHRISTMAS
Reminders
KIT

The Popular 500 SHOT
LIGHTNING-LOADER CARBINE
 \$2.50

Red Ryder 1000 Shot	\$4.95
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SEE DAISY BULL'S EYE SHOT
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You and your opponent represent Coach, Quarterback, Line, Ends, Backfield, and Cheering Section of your respective teams. The player who knows smart Football and who can outmaneuver his opponent will control the yardage of the miniature football as it goes up and down the gridiron — but the uncertainty

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Game comes complete, ready to play, with Miniature Football, Timing Device, Lights, Batteries, etc. Packed in brilliant yellow gift box.

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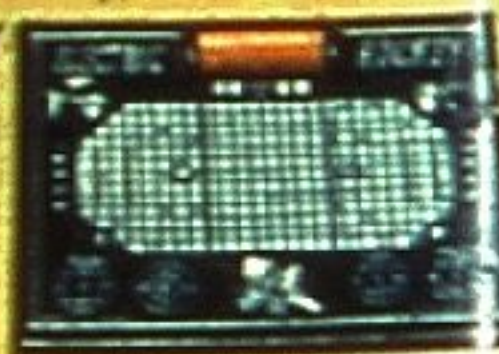


ELECTRIC BASEBALL

A FLASHY big electric diamond with all the thrills of Big League Baseball! Provides plenty of excitement and loads of opportunity for real baseball strategy, whether you're "at bat" or "in the field." Complete with new Electric Bat, Electric Ump, Base Balls, Lights, Batteries, Scoring Device, etc. in bright red gift box. 1941 MODEL, \$1.

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